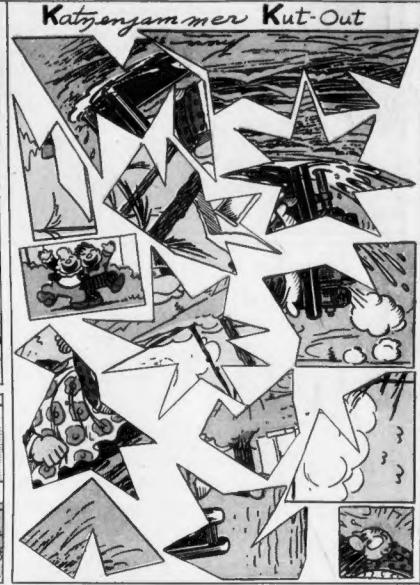
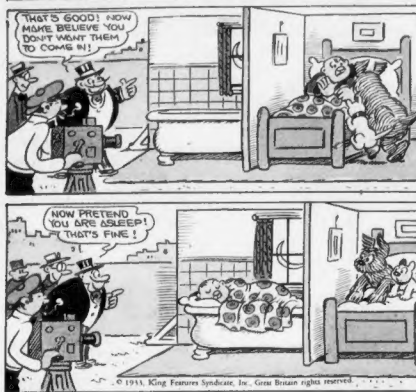


DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH BY KNERR



The Katzenjammer Kids



Babies of the Ballet—Germany's Busiest Pupils

A MERICAN boys and girls who look upon the weekly sessions at a dancing school as a boring and living business which their parents perversely inflict upon them would admit that they have an easy time of it compared to the youthful frauleins who make up the student body of a ballet school in Berlin.

The little girls in this school — and many of them are not more than four years old — are put through their strenuous paces by instructors who believe that talent, where it exists, can only be brought out and developed by hard work. The tots are not abruptly pushed beyond their physical ability, but they are gradually conditioned from the day they enroll so that they can, after a few months, practice, indulge in a surprising amount of dancing and gymnastics to make their muscles strong and supple. The photographs on this page show a few of the hard-working pupils of the Berlin school performing some of the Terpsichorean maneuvers by which they discover whether they are hope-

An Instructor in the German School of the Dance Guiding a Youthful Ballerina in the Proper Placement of the Feet

less, or whether they have the natural ability and the spirit to keep at their training until they become graceful and skilful, with the prospect of dancing professionally when they get older. In the big picture several pupils are shown going through the test by which the instructors are able to tell whether they have any natural feeling for in-

terpreting music in dancing. Naturally, the teachers do not expect much from children ranging from four to seven years in age, but by playing certain selections on the piano and giving the youngsters freedom to cavort and posture to the music in what-ever way seems right to them, the teachers can discern native ability and lack of it.

In Order to Test the Talents of Beginners, the Instructors Permit Them to Make Their Own Movements in Rhythm With the Music, and the Results Are Sometimes Awkward

Before they're through, all the pupils at the Berlin school are taught many kinds of dancing. But the chief purpose of the school is to discover and develop ballet dancers and most of the instruction in the other schools of the dance are intended to make the student a better ballet dancer. The directors of the institution have

found that, perhaps one child in 10 has the natural talent and the tenacity to become a good enough ballet dancer to perform professionally. Out of the remaining nine, five will be tolerably graceful dancers and four, no matter how hard they try, never will amount

to much as disciples of Terpsichore. Real grace and a sense of rhythm just aren't in them. Not all the hard-working babies of the ballet attend the school because they hope or expect to become dancers. Many of them are sent there primarily to build up their bodies or to develop physical poise.

Teaching a Young Dancer a Forearm Stand, Handily Near the Wall, in Preparation for the Somersault

Smallest City Hall for a Real Tank Town

WHEN a lone prospector with a keen sense of humor dubbed a small water tank in the community of 29 Palms, California, the "city hall," the other residents of the place thought it a good joke and credited the fellow with adding to the minor pleasures of life in the Golden West if not to the so-called gaiety of nations.

But like many another "joke," the whim of the prospector gradually turned out to have a serious, if not a sober, aspect. The good folk of the town of 29 Palms discovered that the diminutive building topped by a water tank was a natural civic center and that, if news was to be disseminated to the meagre populace, an informal note, or an official bulletin, tacked to the side of the little structure, was in the best spot for interested inhabitants to see it.

The photograph shows a few of the voters of the place, eddily named after a specific number of trees, gathered at their municipal building to peruse, digest and discuss some bit of information of special import to them. It is plain to see that no mass meetings worthy to be called that could be staged within the four walls of the little building, so the political powers-

that-be in 29 Palms cherish no memories of stirring debates held inside the nation's smallest city hall. But it is true that plenty of discussions have gone on in the vicinity of the building and that comparatively momentous decisions, affecting the peace and prosperity of the community have been made in the confab indulged in on the spot.

Visitors to this section of California invariably have the small and isolated water tank pointed out to them, and when they inquire what it is and whom it belongs to, some native explains, as soberly as his nature will permit, "Why, that's our city hall."

The remark is always met with incredulity, but the visitor is assured that the simple frame structure with an unsightly cylindrical tank set on its flat roof actually serves as a civic center and that anyone at all interested in the social, economic and political life of the town passes by the tank-house with more or less frequency and regularity to find out what's going on.

Because of the usefulness and importance which the modest building has come to assume in the daily life of 29 Palms, it is kept in a good state of repair and, now and then, brightened with a coat of paint.

America's Smallest City Hall is This Tank, with Shed Beneath, at 29 Palms, California. The Walls of the "Hall" Are Used for Bulletins Giving the News of the Day to the Inhabitants.



Humans Becoming Psychologically Deaf?

DURING these busy and clamorous days when scientists and humanitarians are working to ease the lot of city dwellers by forming noise abatement commissions and other bodies to suggest ways of cutting down the nerve-wracking din that assails their ears, Old Mother Nature seems to be doing something for the afflicted in her own mysterious and devious ways.

Exactly how she's working isn't entirely clear, even to the British scientist—a specialist in a London hospital—who, after long observation, he is convinced that people are becoming slowly, but definitely, psychologically deaf.

This does not mean that they are getting actually deaf, that their sense of hearing is less acute, or that their delicate hearing mechanism is diseased or dulled. It means that the brains of human beings are again demonstrating their amazing adaptability to their surroundings by making people less conscious of the racket around them. It is, of course, a well-known fact that people get accustomed to small noises like the ticking of clocks, so that they are not aware that the sound exists—the hearers become, to use the words of the scientist, psychologically deaf. Nature, in a manner of speaking,

draws a curtain across the hearing track of the brain. Very probably, the British specialist explains, this ability of the brain to protect the individual from the annoyance of unpleasant sounds is limited, that it would be impossible for anyone, with good hearing, to become accustomed to the detonation of a 12-inch gun. But people can, and do, subconsciously shut out many noises—some of them loud and insistent—that otherwise would make it impossible for them to think or work.

The English scientist has learned, by treating and observing patients for many years, that the average person gradually adjusts himself to din, such as the familiar street noises of a city. People who once imagined that they would suffer a nervous breakdown if they couldn't get away from the racket of street cars, automobile horns, screaming brakes and raucous radio loud speakers, now find that these noises have much less effect on them than they used to, and that they are oblivious to much of the confusion unless they consciously listen to it.

What actually goes on in the brain to make people psychologically deaf is still a mystery to be solved, but it has been established that Mother Nature is, in a way, her own noise abatement commission.

Unemployed Artists Find New Field for Talents

BERLIN.

THE artists and sculptors of troubled Germany, like the disciples of the brush and chisel in other countries, have found that the market for their creations drops alarmingly during times of depression. Many of them have had to abandon their careers temporarily and take up more profitable, if less creative work. Others, with enough money to eke out an existence, have made good use of their leisure time by experimenting with various forms of artistic expression to satisfy their whims and, perhaps, bring some amusement to the people of an unhappy nation.

Two of the photographs on this page show an expressionistic anatomical model of sculpture that a "school" of German artists have developed during the days of comparative unemployment. One of the pictures shows a three-dimensional bust used to advertise a headache remedy. Simple as the creation is, it tells the story artistically and in plain terms. It is the head of a young woman and a pair of hands pressing the forehead in an effort to relieve the agonies of headache.

The other picture shows a much funnier sculpture—a caricature in clay done by a disciple of the same school who used his imagination and his sense of humor in the selling of a patent medicine intended to cure colds. This statue, too, is about as simple as it can be—a globular head and a single hand. The exaggerated expression of the face and the overzealous tear falling from one of the eyes reveals to everyone who looks at the thing that the clay fellow is in the unhappy throes of a very bad head cold.

This bust and the one of the girl with a headache are only two of many such pieces that German's idle artists have conceived and molded during the days when hundreds of artists have watched the market for their creations dwindle to the van-

ishing point. Similar sculptures are being used to advertise the advantages of certain makes of toothpaste, the efficacy of products purported to ease the tortures of toothache, and even the benefits to be enjoyed by patronizing the salons of certain well-known masseurs. All of these sculptural advertisements are comic in conception and, if reports from the buyers of the creations are accurate, they are attracting such buyers as there are for the products and services thus advertised.

Some of the idle and impoverished artists who have gone in for this interesting form of experimentation have managed to make a good living from their funny clay figures, and they see a wide and highly profitable market for such imaginative art, if, and when, conditions settle in Germany and business gets back to the pre-war normal.

German advertising experts have not been unimpressed by the popular appeal of the caricatures in clay, though they have been more than a little surprised that the new medium of the unemployed artists and sculptors went over so well with the general public.

In times past, they say, the rather sober and serious Teutonic mind liked its advertising straight. It did not seem to respond particularly to flippant, except in the publishing of certain novels and gee-gaws which, obviously, called for light and comic treatment. Before the war, the advertising men explain, no Berlin dentist would have considered advertising his professional services with a laughable caricature of a man holding on to an advertising jaw. It would have been unbusinesslike and undignified.

It is their guess that the tempo of the German people has changed during the days of trial and trouble which have come upon them in the past few years and that they react favorably to things which help them forget their miseries, even for the space of an appreciative grin.



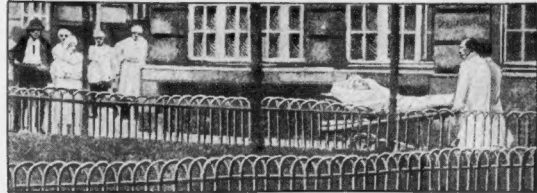
A Facetious Sculpture Designed for a Drug Store in Berlin, and Advertising Concoctions for Relieving Headaches.



Remedies for Colds are Advertised by This Comic Figure. Suffering from Watery Eyes and the Usual Congestion of the Nasal Passages

Crime That Shocked Even Paris

Pleasure-Mad Violette Nozieres Who Poisoned Her Father and Mother Rouses Indignation of Her Hard-Boiled Companions in the Wicked Night-Life Resorts



Mme. Nozieres Being Wheeled by Hospital Attendants on a Litter to a Private Reception Room, Where the Police Had Brought Her Daughter, Violette, to Be Confronted by Her Mother.

PARIS, Nov. 10. At last Paris is really and truly shocked by a crime, so much so that all its classes seem united in demanding the life of an eighteen-year-old girl, Violette Nozieres.

Violette read what honest citizens had to say of her in the papers, listened to denunciations of fellow prisoners in neighboring cells and to the howls of a mob outside the women's prison with cynical indifference, but when she heard the voice of her own mother agreeing with the others, the young murderess faints.

It is many years since this city has been so roused. Not only the respectable, but the demi-monde, the gigolo, the apache, the pickpocket, the foot-pad, the burglar and others who have no prejudice against the sort of murders that go with their lines of activity, nor against "crimes of passion" in which an inconvenient lover, husband, mistress or wife is put out of the way—all agree that Violette must be guillotined. It is surprising the amount of righteous indignation shown by the most degraded type of criminal at a murder that "isn't right according to his code."

Violette hadn't any code, and according to her confession her father and mother were in the way of her happiness, so she decided to get them out of the way by poison. Four times she gave them as big overdoses of sleeping drugs as she could without their tasting it, but always they recovered after a long sleep and without the slightest suspicion that their only child was trying to murder them.

Disgusted by these failures, the girl obtained a different and tasteful poison. The police have not revealed what this was, nor have they yet learned how she got it, which may involve one of her many lovers as an accessory.

The next time Violette prepared supper for the family she put the new poison in the soup, placing it on the table with the remark that she would eat hers in the kitchen while she finished getting the next course ready. Her father, a railroad conductor, had come home with his usual hearty appetite and took two large helpings of the soup, but Madame Nozieres happened not to be very hungry and ate only half a plate.

The rest of the meal passed uneventfully, and as usual M. Nozieres and his wife went to bed early. They were pleased to see that for once their pleasure-mad daughter was willing to stay home and go to bed also. The parents went to sleep happy but woke up a little later, in agony to call for their daughter to get a doctor.

As soon as they described their dreadful symptoms Violette she informed them that she had felt just the same way about an hour before, but had taken a glass of water with some bicarbonate of soda and that now she was all right. On the strength of this she insisted on giving them the same medicine and waiting an hour before calling the physician. By that time her victims were so paralyzed by the poison that they were unable to move or do more than utter faint moans.



Violette Nozieres Being Led Away by Detectives of the French Surete After Being Confronted by Her Mother in the Saint Antoine Hospital.

to keep Violette awake in her room, so after a while she arose, dressed, searched her father's clothes, taking a little more than \$100 in francs from his wallet and went out. Noticing that her mother was still unconscious and making frantic efforts to speak, Violette calmed her by promising to be right back with a doctor.

Of course, a doctor was the last person the girl wanted. Instead, she spent the rest of the night in various cellars and dives of Montmartre where she was well-known and seemed to be her usual gay and pleasure-mad self. Early in the morning before breakfast time, Violette came home, careful that none should recognize her on the deserted streets because she did not want it known exactly when she arrived.

Chosen by anyone she entered the apartment house, climbed the stairs, unlocked the apartment door and listened. Not a sound, those annoying moans were no longer to be heard. It was the peace of death, she thought, and slipped to the bedroom of her parents. Sure enough, there they lay rigid, silent and her ear could detect no sign of breathing.

Now that they were safely dead she was willing to call a doctor, but first she must stage a little drama to make things look all right. After making sure that neither she nor they had left any evidence that would be incriminating, Violette turned on the gas jet in their room, closed the door, and waited in her own room a while. After about ten minutes the smell had permeated even there so strongly that she feared neighbors might get a whiff, causing them to break in and find her, which could not be according to her plans.

cellar, awakened the superintendent and told him that she had just come home to find the flat full of gas. He turned off the gas, opened the windows and telephoned the police. These soon arrived, followed by a hospital ambulance. For the moment the police saw no reason for doubting the statement of this young daughter who kept wringing her hands and begging them to do something.

The ambulance surgeon quickly pronounced M. Nozieres dead, but his practiced finger detected a pulse beat in Mme. Nozieres and his stethoscope confirmed it with faint sounds of breathing. The unconscious woman was hastily bundled out through the corridor on the sidewalk and into the ambulance. When she had gone clanging away to the hospital, the police turned to finish their routine questioning of the daughter. But Violette had ceased demanding that they do something and had vanished.

When she failed to return the police looked in vain. An autopsy was performed on the father which showed that he had not inhaled any gas, but had died of some entirely different poison. Mme. Nozieres was still too weak to tell what had happened, but a general alarm was sent out for the missing daughter so that every policeman in Paris and most of France was looking for her. For a week they failed to find the girl because they were looking in the wrong places.

The authorities quickly learned enough of Violette's habits to know that she was a night-life girl, but the rule of a fugitive in hiding is to avoid the places where he is well known, at least for some time. But Violette was an exception and fooled them.



"A Mort! A Mort!" ("Put Her to Death!") the Crowd Cried as Violette Was Driven Away in the Police Car After Her Interview With Her Mother.

had murdered husbands or lovers. There would be another farce, known as a murder trial and she would be "indicted."

Why should Violette worry? She didn't, except for the prospect of a few dull weeks in jail awaiting trial. To fortify herself for this, she was determined first to have a hilarious good time on that 100 dollars stolen from her father. For a man, that amount of money would not bring in much as a living. He must not only pay for food, drinks and entertainment but the women he entertains will get as much of his money as she can.

For a woman, especially of Violette's unscrupulous type, that nest egg might last indefinitely. She knew better than to seek any of her previous admirers who might be shadowed by the police or to visit her old haunts, but there were others of the same kind where she was known. During the week, Violette was entertained by a series of new admirers, including a German, a Negro and an Egyptian. Each brief romance ended when the man took to expressing his opinion of that cold-blooded murderess whom all Paris was talking about.

It is not that any of them suspected her, but she resented a man saying that he hoped a woman would have her head chopped off by the guillotine when she knew that the head was her own. Another annoyance was that at the very start some of her own money had to go for new clothes because the papers printed a description of what she wore when last seen.

A new hat is no disguise to a man, but a woman in a new bonnet and radically different style of hair dressing is so changed that her own husband may have to look twice before he recognizes her. Violette went gayly on her carousing way for a solid week and then she made the mistake of falling up a young art student. This fellow's work had trained him to study the comparative proportions of features of faces, almost as does a detective.

suddenly converge on her and to find that she was under arrest.

Violette did not deny her identity, nor seem much upset. Her "fling" had lasted a week and now she might as well get those few weeks in jail over with. But she reproachfully asked the student why he had betrayed her. With a look of nothing he replied: "Because you are a parasite."

Like most girls who live only for the moment, Violette had no words in her vocabulary except those that apply to such life, so she asked the detectives of the Surete what he meant.

"Suddenly who has murdered her own parent," was the grim answer.

The girl began to suspect that somehow she was an unusually unpopular murderess. This was confirmed by women in the next two cells, one a shoplifter and the other one who had killed another in a drunken brawl. They were reviled Violette and hoped she would be guillotined as most unpleasant. Oh, well, she thought, they are old and hoarse—jealous no doubt of my youth and comeliness. After a while they stopped and everyone listened to a rising roar that filled the prison from the outside.

"Listen to that," cried the shoplifter. "They want you."

"I will forgive you, yes—when the guillotine has done its work," Mme. Nozieres Cried, Raising Herself Slightly on the Hospital Bed, as She Shocked Her Trembling Finger of Her Daughter, Who Knelt Beside the Litter and Covered Her Face With Her Hands.

ing that if guilty, she must not escape the guillotine.

Violette was annoyed but not alarmed. All she had to do was tell her mother she was sorry and the loving old lady would surely get her out of this scrape as she had always done in the past. One way would be for Mme. Nozieres to tell the court that she had done the poisoning herself by mistake. Her request to visit the hospital was granted because Dr. Paul, the French medico-legal expert had an opinion that the meeting might result in a confession. It did, but he says the scene was the most painful he ever witnessed.

The sick woman, on her cot, was trundled from the ward to the privy of a reception room where Violette was waiting. At sight of her the girl cried:

"Mother, help me! You know I am innocent."

Speaking in a thin voice, the mother replied: "Wretched girl, why didn't you kill yourself? You have murdered your own father who loved you."

Still Violette thought everything would be all right. That was only the inevitable scolding which always had to come before forgiveness would be all right. Throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, she pleaded in the same plaintive voice that had never failed before.

"Forgive me, Mother, I am sorry. I am sorry for everything I ever did to make you unhappy. I'll be a good daughter the rest of my life. Forgive me."

Trying To Save Husband Who Marred Her Beauty With Acid

WHEN Judge Samuel H. Silbert, of the Cleveland Criminal Court, handed down the decision that sent John J. Vay to prison, to serve from one to twenty years, he closed a dramatic and difficult case that demanded the wisdom of a Solomon and involved a love that "passed all understanding"—at least the understanding of the courts and thousands of people who followed the case for five years. John Vay was put behind the bars because he was convicted of the heinous crime of hurling a bottle of acid in the face of his pretty wife, Elizabeth Hull Vay.

It was in the Fall of 1928, while the Vays were living in Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, and Mrs. Vay was going for divorce, that she was "blinded by what seemed like a ball of fire" while she and her spouse were talking things over on a street corner.

Vay was arrested after the violent episode that made of his wife's forehead a patch of seared and puckered flesh and early in 1929 he was given from six to thirty years on a charge of assaulting with intent to kill. It was during this first trial that his wife attracted nation-wide attention by doing an unexpected right-about-face during the trial, and instead of demanding that the man who spoiled her beauty pay for his crime, pleaded with the court to free him and give him back to her and their two young daughters.

"I was to blame for it all," she said "I, not he, am the one to be forgiven. It was my indiscretions that caused it all."

And then, in an impassioned plea for her husband's freedom, she completely changed her original version of the acid throwing and swore that the disfiguring liquid was spattered on her when she tried to prevent Vay from drinking the stuff to end his unhappiness over the rift in their domestic affairs.

But her pleading had no effect on

the court and Vay was sentenced to serve from six to thirty years. He was released on a \$10,000 bond and when the Appellate Court upheld the judgment of the lower court, Mr. Vay jumped his bond and disappeared. He was "brought back to Cleveland, for his second trial—and his re-conviction—after serving time in Dallas, Texas, for impersonating an army officer. Again his wife appeared on the scene to plead for him. And it was a strange



John Vay, Who Is Now Under Sentence of From One to Twenty Years in Prison for Hurling Acid on the Face of His Wife With Acid.

story of love and loyalty that she told. They had gone back together again, she testified, and had moved to California, where her husband made good



Hope and Jacqueline Vay, the Two Daughters of the Unfortunate Couple, Whose Happiness Depends on the Court's Mercy.

money as the chemical expert in a soap factory. He had been a good husband and father and had spent \$7,000 on six operations by a plastic surgeon, in a partially successful effort to undo the disfiguring effects of the acid throwing, or acid spilling, as his wife now describes the incident.

The judge listened to the evidence all over again. He heard Mrs. Vay insist that her husband is "such a good man, incapable of any crime when in his normal mind."

"We have both been punished enough," she said.

Vay played his part perfectly, too. "What is society going to gain now by taking its pound of flesh?" he wanted to know. "The law should forgive as my wife has forgiven."

And then something of a bombshell broke over the proceedings—it was brought out that Mrs. Vay actually had gotten a divorce after the acid party and that both she and her husband had married new mates, although both had falsely declared that they had been remarried to each other.

"You are a slicker and a man who hides behind the skirts of women," said the judge in sending Vay, who is now forty-one years old, to prison. Mrs.



Mrs. Elizabeth Vay as She Appears Today. She Has Forgiven the Man Who Destroyed Her Beauty, and Assumes All the Blame by Insisting That Her Own Indiscretions Prompted the Acid Attack.

Vay, shook her head in objection to this indictment and tears coursed down her still disfigured face as the man she loves was taken back to his cell.

Italy's "Amusing" Idea of an English Woman

IT would hardly be truthful to say that Ernesto de Fiori, the eminent Italian sculptor, has precipitated an artistic war by his bronze statue which he chose to call "The Englishwoman" because the model was a native of the British Isles, but more than a few of Britain's artists and art critics have cast appraising eyes on pictures of the creation and found it "amusing."

If Signor Fiori understands his Englishmen, he knows that the word "amusing" applied to his work is hardly flattering and that his three-dimensional likeness of a subject of His Majesty King George has, in one way or another, failed to please—if, in fact, it has not offended the esthetic sensibilities of his colleagues across the Channel.

The Italian-born sculptor, who became a German citizen in 1914 and who has his studio in Berlin, may be more than a little surprised and upset by this seemingly unfavorable reaction to the statue, because he has many friends in the British capital and pieces of his work in one of the city's greatest museums.



The Sculpture by Ernesto de Fiori, the Italian Artist, Who Calls It "The Englishwoman." It Will Be Said That the Nude Is Wearing High-Heeled Slippers.



Twined About Her Tresses Are Self-Heating and Not Attached to an Electrical Machine.

A "Permanent" in the Bath Tub

WITHIN recent years the beauty shoppe has become an important and ubiquitous element of what writers are pleased to call "the American scene." Every large city has hundreds of establishments where maids and matrons betake themselves to be beautified in a score of different ways, and the Main Street of every enterprising community in the so-called hinterlands boasts at least one emporium where members of the fair sex can go to have their hair waved, their muscles massaged and their eyebrows plucked.

One of the most popular functions of the beauty parlor during the past few years has been to supply fastidious patrons with "permanents"—with curled and wavy locks that stay "that way" for a considerable time, although they are artificially and, sometimes artfully produced.

The genius of mechanical engineers, electrical engineers and chemists, went into the making of the familiar and complicated machines under which thousands upon thousands of women have sat for innumerable hours while "permanent" waves were fixed in the first strands of their "renewing glory."

The "permanent" machines, with their elaborate systems of wires, have, in the hands of careful and expert operators, proved popular and practical, but the inventors of ultra-modern beauty aids have recently perfected another method by which "permanents" can be given without the use of machinery and electricity. The young woman shown in the photograph above reclining luxuriously in her bath is having her hair waved while she relaxes from whatever cares are hers.

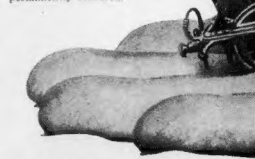
When a young woman—or one not so young—has her hair waved in this new-day manner, the beautician divides her locks into strands in the usual way and winds these strands about cylindrical "curlers." But instead of the curlers being at the ends of wires attached to a machine, they are independent units—little self-heating pads that become warm and then cool off through chemical action which is the secret of the method.

The pads, so the discoverers of the process say, stay hot for just the right length of time for the type of hair being curled and, at the end of that time begin to cool automatically,

There's no chance, they say, of the hair being burned by the units overheating. And, they assure women who may have the idea that a proper "permanent" cannot be had so simply, the waves are as good and stay in as long as those done by more familiar methods.

It is pointed out that one distinct advantage of the newest manner of imparting waves to hair that is not naturally wavy is the freedom which the "wavee" enjoys while the work is being done. She can sit in her bathtub—if the job is being done at home—finish that exciting novel she is reading, or even enjoy a few hands of bridge with friends. She does not have to sit in one place once the self-heating pads are in place. The job of winding the strands of hair about the "curlers," of course, takes about as long as it does when the hair is being curled by machine, but by the time the last strand of hair has been rolled the first one is ready to be unrolled—a firmly fixed and finished curl.

One well-known actress recently arranged to have a hair-dresser go along with her on a train trip to fulfill an engagement in a city half a day's ride away. While a "tut-tut" was uttered at the role, her hair was wound about the "wireless," self-heating attachments, and when she alighted from the train, with her part memorized, she was attractively and more or less permanently coiffured.



The Four-Inch Electric Locomotive Which Will Pull Twelve Miniature Coaches.

Real Locomotive, 4 Inches Long

EVER since the day that the first slow and funny looking locomotive puffed and snorted its way over a stretch of wooden rails, the "iron horse" has been a symbol of man's conquest of distance, of his struggle to get himself and his goods, with increasing speed and safety, over the face of the earth. And because the locomotive has come to stand for the romance of transportation, it is a machine that has intrigued the fancy, and challenged the talents of hundreds of mechanically-minded individuals, especially those extraordinarily patient and skillful artisans who go in for the making of miniature working models.

The photograph below shows what is perhaps the finest working model of a locomotive ever made—and hundreds of such tiny machines have been fashioned since the locomotive became a practical reality. It is the creation of P. E. Wilson, an Englishman and a craftsman, and it was the most popular exhibit at a recent show of mechanical devices held in London's famed Horticultural Hall.

Inventor Wilson's model is not the smallest vehicle ever made, but it probably is the most complete and mechanically perfect. It is, the photograph shows, so tiny that it can be held in the palm of the hand. From the point of its bumper to the coupling on the after end of the diminutive coal-car, it is only four inches long, but it is accurate and practical in every little detail.

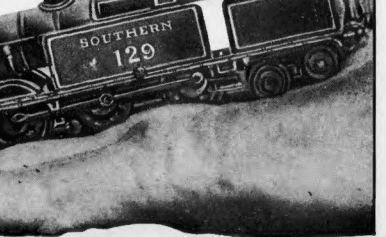
The six driving wheels—three on each side—are not "dummies." They are, for all their smallness, of just the proper weight and diameter, and they are actuated by a powerful electric motor installed inside the cylindrical body of the engine. When a switch is thrown the wheels begin to turn and a headlight glows as brightly as such a miniature light can.

It was the maker's idea, before he began the long months of work on his remarkable model, to produce something that would be more than a toy, a machine that would win the acclaim of mechanical engineers as well as the interested attention of people who know nothing about the structural details of the powerful machines that pull the railway coaches they ride in.

His hope was realized, because he was complimented by one of the country's leading locomotive designers, who was amazed that so tiny a model could be equipped with a reverse gear and weighted and balanced so cleverly that it could pull twelve scale-model coaches about a track.

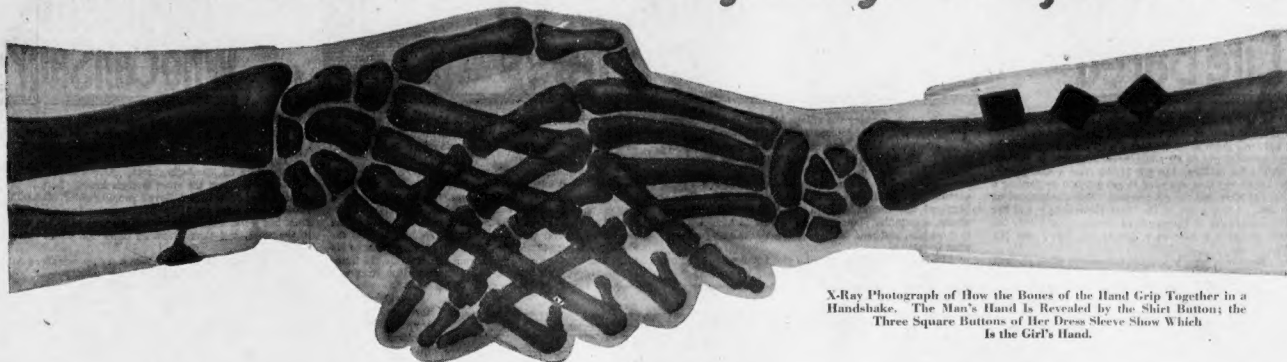
The smallest locomotive yet made is the handwork of another Englishman, Leonard R. Beale, and in its way, it is as wonderful as the one made by Mr. Wilson. This machine is so tiny that it can pass through an ordinary wedding ring, with an eighth of an inch to spare. It, too, was powered with a little electric motor, parts of which are so small that they had to be put in place and adjusted with the help of a powerful magnifying glass.

The entire model weighs only a quarter of an ounce, but its diminutive armature is so accurately made that, when the current is turned on, it spins at the rate of 1200 revolutions a minute.

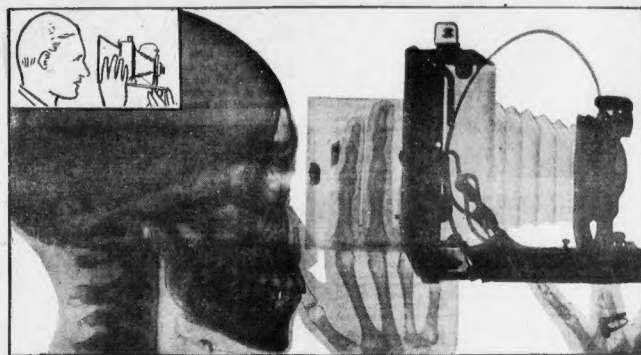


The Four-Inch Electric Locomotive Which Will Pull Twelve Miniature Coaches.

Inside Views of the Every-Day Things We Do



X-Ray Photograph of How the Bones of the Hand Grip Together in a Handshake. The Man's Hand is Revealed by the Shirts Button; the Three Square Buttons of Her Dress Sleeve Show Which Is the Girl's Hand.



What the X-Ray Reveals When a Camera is Posed for a Snapshot.

If any human being could get an inside view of his own actions one of the most marvelous things in the world would be the every-day act of shaking hands.

Among all the myriads of other living creatures in the world, adapted as many of them are to flying or swimming or doing other difficult things, not one, with the doubtful exceptions of a few of man's close relatives among the apes and monkeys, ever wants to shake hands or possesses the machinery to do so if the desire arose. A dog who "shakes hands" with his master or his master's guests, merely sticks out a stiff, inert paw for the considerate human to grasp. All the hand-shaking is on one side of the incident. And if human arms ended in similar paws, or in stiff hooves like those of a horse or cow, or in lumps of soft flesh like a jelly fish, or in mere gristle like the end of a nose of bone like the rigid bones of arms or legs, hand-shaking would be an unknown art to human beings also.

Next to the expression of the eyes and mouth, persons experienced in judging character depend much on the kind of hand clasp of someone about whom they wish to decide. It is a rule that works according to Nature's order, for no part of the human anatomy has been so profoundly modified in mankind or represents better, the high stage of human evolution than the complicated machinery of hand and wrist.

Only this must ordinarily be judged by feeling, not by sight, for human beings lack the X-ray eyes which would show them the wonderful work-ings of the bones and tendons and muscles in hand, wrist and fore-arm.

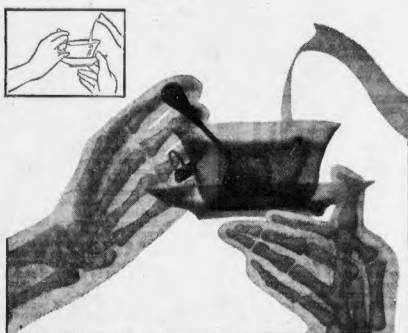
The fins of a fish have no real wrist in them, but merely rather simple and imperfect joints on which the fins can wave back and forth in the water. The primitive reptile-like animals, which first came out on land and gave rise to most of the modern land animals, had fin-like flippers which served after a fashion for legs but really were not much better than the fish already possessed. There still are fish which can come out into the air and drag themselves along on their fins instead of legs. The first step in developing the marvelous machinery of the human hand and wrist was taken when one group of small animals began, about thirty or forty million years ago in evolution, both to keep their bodies warm in cold weather by means of warm blood and to climb about in small trees and bushes in search of insects which they could use for food.

Climbing in the tree branches was one reason why good hands became necessary. Catching insects was another one, for the average insects of those long-ago days probably were as well able to hop about as are the insects today. An active set of fingers was just as necessary to catch them.

However evolutionists decide to read the details of this story, there can be no doubt that the perfection of machinery able to shake hands began with a group of tree-living, insect-eating animals some skeletons of which have been found in the rocks, and which gave rise, in the



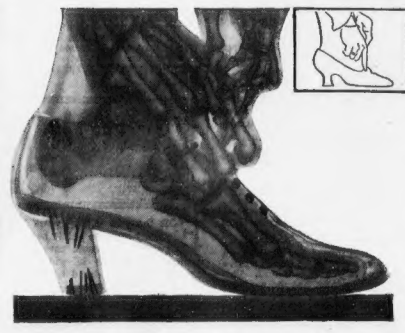
"Here's to Your Health," as They Touch Glasses.



A Cup of Tea.



"Yes, thanks, I'll Have a Cigarette."



"Wait a Moment, Until I Tie My Shoe."

The basis of this remarkable contrivance is, of course, a set of small, queer-shaped bones, looking not unlike a handful of poorly made cubes or imperfect marbles. Every smallest irregularity of each of these bones possesses, however, a reason for its being and a perfectly definite utility. The shapes of each bone are precisely right for the actions of many muscles and tendons which move the bones this way and that as the hand performs such simple actions as those illustrated on this page: holding

a glass of water, picking up a cigarette or stirring the tea in a tea cup. Behind these actions lie the complicated telegraph system which connects all these muscles, bones and tendons to the commanding officer in the brain and over which that commander directs the movements and knows whether or

She Feels the Gentle Pressure of His Foot on Her Toe, Underneath the Table.

not they have been carried out correctly. How important each tiny angle and facet of the wrist bones is for proper working of the whole contrivance is clear from even the simplest break or sprain in the machinery. Not only is a sprained or broken wrist or ankle one of the most painful of ordinary accidents, but no one realizes just how awkward it must be to be a dog or a horse until some such accident puts temporarily out of commission the much more efficient human machinery for moving the hands and the feet.

Remarkable evolutionary changes and adaptations are visible, too, in the difference between the hand and the foot, also indicated by X-ray pictures of these two appendages. In the hand and wrist everything is concentrated on the maximum of movement in all possible directions and on the support of weight by the wrist and fingers. The fingers are long and flexible, so that their successions of jointed bones can be wrapped around anything to which a person wishes to hold fast; a rope, for example, to which a modern sailor or balloonist is hanging, or a tree branch which served as similar support for the remote human ancestors who began the invention of this set of contrivances.

The foot is built differently. The toe bones, while precisely similar in number and relative place to the bones of the fingers, are shorter and sturdier, as is necessary for parts which must support the whole weight of the body firmly, yet flexibly and softly in such an exercise as running.

The heel bone has grown larger and stronger than its brother bone in the structure of the wrist, for it has been millions of years since human beings walked on their hands, but during which the old walk on their feet.

The leverages provided between the projecting heel and the flexible toes at the other end of the arch of the foot may be seen clearly from the X-ray photographs on this page. It is evident, too, why the collapse or "falling" of this arch may distribute the body's weight wrongly, may put too great a strain on some of the muscles and may deprive the body of the cushioning action provided by the normal foot. It is thus that so many kinds of pains and other ill result.

When joints in hands, wrists, feet or ankles are stiff or painful, physicians resort to X-ray photographs like these to see what is the matter. Similarly, when there is a sprain or a possible break of any of the bones, or even the chance that a tiny chip of bone may have been knocked off somewhere and is making trouble, X-ray pictures now make clear the exact nature of the trouble and what must be done by way of repairs. Which is one reason why stiff-necked people or people who cannot shake hands because their wrists or fingers are stiffened and useless are much less common today than fifty or sixty years ago, before the X-rays and their uses had been discovered.

If human bones were on the outside of the body, like the shell-like covering that serves for bones in creatures such as crabs or lobsters, everybody would have a livelier appreciation of the marvels which Nature has perfected for their enjoyment and which only the eye of the X-ray or of the anatomist ever sees.

Claire Luce Costs Her Husband Half-a-Million More

The Former "Follies" Beauty Tosses Aside Her Hubby's Pleading That She Settle Down and Enjoy the Luxuries of a Multi-millionaire's Wife, and She Leaves Home to Pursue Her "Career" on the Stage



Here Claire is Seen Feeding Her Pet Bear Cub, Mishka.

LESS than five years ago, Mrs. Newcomb Carlton, wife of the president of the Western Union Telegraph Co., told her son, Clifford Warren Smith, that while marriage might be a gamble, marrying Miss Claire Luce, Follies beauty, was not a good bet and he mustn't make it.

Mr. Smith, being very much in love, disagreed with his mother and took the chance. Now that it is all over, he can reckon up profit and loss, and see who was right. A good wife is supposed to be worth her weight in gold, but this one cost her husband considerably more than that in less than five years. In order to convince her son that the proposed marriage would be a losing proposition, Mrs. Carlton warned him that if he persisted in going through with it, she would disinherit him of the million dollars that would otherwise come to him in her will.

Mrs. Carlton is a woman of her word, and "Cliff" knew very well when he walked up the aisle to the altar that his million would surely go to his half-brother Henry.

When Claire said the fatal words, "I DO," they cost her half a million dollars apiece.

In order to get that far, there had been preliminary expenses and mortgages on the future involved in the divorce of his first wife, the former Miss Ardith Minnie Crane, of Kennebunkport, Maine. These were comparatively reasonable, only \$9,000 a year alimony which for the five years would be a mere \$45,000. But there was much litigation before and after the divorce with the aid of expensive lawyers, and as he had to pay the fees of both sides they must have run to at least \$50,000 more.

Not counting engagement and wedding presents, the up-keep of a Follies beauty in the state of matrimony and a state of reasonable contentment is supposed to be at least \$100,000 a year, if the husband can find that much to spend. This involves not only jewels, silks and fables, but the duty of being one of the backers of the shows in which the lady stars. No official figures have been given out to prove whether Miss Luce cost more or less than this reputed fair average. However, during that time she became known as "the richest Follies girl in the world." Therefore it would be a fairly conservative estimate that at \$100,000 a year she cost him for the period of their married life another half million dollars.

Having paid all that, more than a million and a half, to have and to hold her for less than five years, he must now according to the terms of the separation agreement set aside a trust of an income of at least \$25,000 a year for the rest of her life.

At five per cent this would be another half million dollars out of the Smith pocket, more than two million dollars, in all. That seems like quite a lot of money, and probably there are quite a few young women almost as beautiful as Miss Luce who would be willing to give a husband undivided attention for less than that. But Mr. Smith did not get undivided attention. He found himself with a wife whose first allegiance was to her public and he was only entitled to the few crumbs of time that were left over. It was because he complained about his share of the time, that he is now being punished by a separation and trust agreement.

"Incompatibility" is what Miss Luce calls it. Mr. Smith seems to have wanted the exclusive society of this beautiful and expensive piece of property on quiet nights home. Of course, to keep a gay and lovely young woman in seclusion all the time would have been selfish and cruel, but he did not ask for anything like that. His idea of happiness was every year or so to travel in the most luxurious style, seeing the things that everyone reads about, years to see and which have



Claire Luce, Who Is Divorcing the Wealthy Clifford Warren Smith to Pursue Her Stage Career.

to them at special hours when the public was excluded, for which Mr. Smith paid handsomely. She always sat at the captain's table on shipboard, and at hotels not only the headwaiter but the manager danced attendance while she ate. It was only necessary for her to think of some extravagant and unusual thing and it was done for her. Most husbands would probably commit no error by arranging all this in fact, their wives would not even be cross if they suggested such trips quite often. But to Miss Luce it was all a bore and a nuisance, and the last time Cliff invited her for a trip around the world Claire shook her lovely, blond head and frowned furrowed her marble forehead as she said:

"No, my career means more to me than tripping around the globe for a look at that too-much publicized list of Ball or the Siamese dancing girls, or the Taj Mahal—or what have you? I can visit those places later when I am old and gray and have a lot of useless time on my hands."

Miss Luce's contemptuous view of doing what ordinary persons would consider happiness beyond words may seem as unreasonable as her husband's financial sacrifices for the privilege of accompanying her for a while. Yet they are both doing what everyone else is doing, pursuing happiness where they imagine they are likely to find it. The

A Recent Photograph of Miss Luce in London, Where She Is Starring in "Gay Divorce."

made the various steamship tours so popular. To many people these round-the-world and even shorter cruises are about the height of their ambition in the way of fun, something worth years of saving. Claire Luce, as the wife of a multi-millionaire, traveled like a princess in a gorgeous style, such as few tourists even dream of.

The Smiths did not travel from their ship to see the sights in buses or crowded cars. They went alone, except for the guide, who was usually some government official in charge of the place they were visiting. Palaces, shrines and museums were thrown open



Miss Luce in One of Her Dancing Costumes as the "Leopard Lady."

wishing to roll up more millions than can a young business man who has made his first million dollars restrain the itch to pile up a few more.

If the bride of such a man should insist that he retire and devote himself entirely to her, there would be little surprise if he rebelled, and went back to work, even if he knew she would divorce him. No wife is likely to take such a stand because she is the chief beneficiary of all the money her husband earns and is too busy to spend. The fact that he is also too busy to run around with her is no insupportable hardship as long as there are plenty of gigolos.

Mr. Smith has never had to get the habit of making millions because he was born with them, and therefore could not sympathize with his wife's furious pursuit of more and more public and the dollars that go with it, especially as he did not get any of the profits. Besides being a star, Miss Luce is unusually beautiful. A beauty does not get her fun from seeing things, but from being seen by as many people as possible. Touring around the world in private grandeur, only comparatively few would see her and these mostly know her as the very rich Mrs. Smith. It would not have seemed modest to ask the captain of the ship or the management of the hotels to put out her name in electric lights, the way the theatre manager does.

At the Taj Mahal, considered one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture ever made, everyone would gaze at the Taj Mahal, even her husband, and nobody at her. No wonder she would be miffed, when she considered that in a stuffy night club of New York or London, the waiters would circulate around whispering all the other customers. "There is Claire Luce, star of 'Gay Divorce' and richest Follies girl in the world." After that everyone would look at her. That it was more pleasant to be stared at than to be not exclusively a feminine idea is shown by the way male movie stars peep, fret and have a wretched time at a football game if the crowd does not recognize and gaze at them.

Miss Luce isn't jealous of the Taj or the Siamese dancing maidens, nor does she deny that they are worth looking at even by her. She realizes that when she is old and the happy days of being stared at are over, then and not till then, when she has nothing better to do with her time, it would do no harm to take a look at the wonders of the world. These might even interest her, but not until she is no longer a wonder herself. At that time if Mr. Smith should want to come around and pay her expenses, he might not find her so incompatible.

Mr. Smith's fortune, now presumably much shrunken by the divorce as well as matrimony and "agreements," was originally estimated at \$50,000,000, so he reasoned that he could pinch along through his mother's extra million. His grandfather, and three other Smith Brothers, of Freedom, Maine, started business by peddling engraving from door to door. At the time of the Colorado gold rush the Smiths put their savings into building wagon trains for the gold fields. The Smith wagons were good ones and the drivers were quick and big. With these they went into mines, ranches, stockyards, banks and railroads, making enormous amounts of money and prospering astonishingly. They worked together, got rich together and each of the four, Francis Warren, Benjamin and George, will own a share of the money. The result that nearly all of the four fortunes got together and in the third generation Clifford Warren Smith received one-fourth of the total \$200,000,000. The only trouble was his first life seems to have been that he liked Miss Luce better. It cost him \$2,000,000 to change which she estimates at about a million persons who have seen, read or heard of her, can no more stop



Clifford Warren Smith, Whose Millions Could Not Hold Claire Luce.

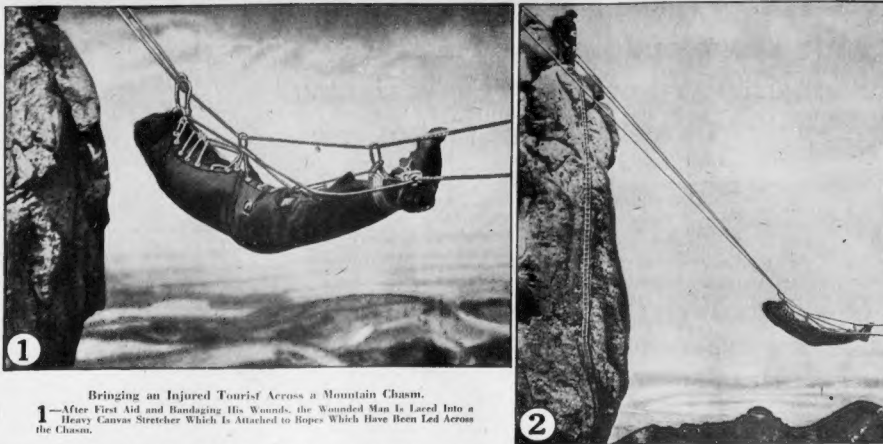
It does sound unreasonable to many, and yet similar questions have been asked about big business men. As any parent knows who has asked his boy to cut the grass, rake the lawn or go on errand, all men are created equal, as far as being born lazy is concerned. They don't want to study their lessons and they don't want to "slave" at their jobs.

But stern necessity forces them to do it to make a living. Most office boys, if someone would guarantee them \$100 a week for life, would gladly agree to be shot at sunrise if they ever were "guilty of doing another lick of work." Yet some of these boys work themselves up to be captains of industry, amassing such huge fortunes that there is more than they, their children and grandchildren can possibly need. Why don't they pass the worry and responsibility over to younger shoulders while they obey the doctor's orders, retiring to spend the rest of their lives loafing happily and watching the world roll by? The reason is the same that a dog who has plenty to eat at home will run his legs off after a rabbit or try to dig out a woodchuck for which he has no need—habit.

The business of being a woman is somewhat different from that of being a man, but the principle is much the same. If Miss Luce had been a filing man, she would have been a filing man with ambition, and she would have given up her career and never asked to go back to it, when she married the very wealthy Mr. Smith. It should be noted that a filing clerk has no public while an actress has. A woman on stage or screen who has accumulated a public which she estimates at about a million persons who have seen, read or heard of her, can no more stop

When a Mountain-Climber Slips

Extremely Difficult and Dangerous Work of Rescue Parties in Bringing Down the Dead or Injured Among the Peaks and Precipices of the Alps



1—After First Aid and Bandaging the Wounds, the Wounded Man Is Laced Into a Heavy Canvas Stretcher Which Is Attached to Ropes Which Have Been Led Across the Chasm.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING holds a fascination for many venturesome people, and the risk of life and limb in scaling the sheer sides of precipitous peaks lure many tourists to the Swiss and French and the Italian Alps every Summer.

But even the most experienced and skilled mountain-climbers meet with mishaps which may result in death. Last Summer four masters of Eton College, England, lost their lives on Mount Rose in the Swiss Alps—they had plunged to their deaths roped together down a 800-foot precipice.

Indeed, so great is the lure of the Alpine peaks and so many are the mishaps each Summer that rescue squads have been organized at various points, ready at a moment's notice, to shoulder their ropes and tools and stretchers to hurry to the relief of the injured—or silent—bring home the body of the unfortunate climber whose foot has slipped or whose safety rope has snapped.

Every effort is made to save the climbers when in trouble not only out of humanity but because they bring in a large part of the revenues of the mountain resorts. But fatalities are constantly occurring and the best that the rescuers can do in many cases is to bring back the mutilated remains in an orderly and reverent manner.

At the moment the telephone and radio send out the alarm. "Climbers in danger!" the members of the rescue squad assemble at quarters and prepare for action. They supply themselves with ropes, first-aid kits and other necessary equipment and start immediately for the scene of the accident.

The work of rescue is difficult and dangerous and requires men of strong physique and thorough training. A man with a weak heart would be likely to faint at the critical moment. In fact the work is said to be even more difficult than saving life at fires or at sea. The life-savers are always meeting new difficulties among the clouds and fogs and yawning crevasses of the high mountains.

The men of the mountain squads must be able to scale almost perpendicular rock cliffs and descend into dark passes where a clumsy step means death. These things can be done by many expert Alpine climbers. But the rescuers must be able to do much more. They must be able to hang suspended with their burden of human bodies in mid-air. The least error, the slightest misstep, may be sufficient to dash themselves and the men in their care to death.

One of the most noted organizations

is the "German Alpine Rescue Squad" which was organized 12 years ago and is credited with many daring rescues. It comprises three units stationed at different places. One of the most active of these is devoted to rescue work in the Italian section of the Alps. This unit consists of 122 expert mountain climbers, three doctors and 112 recruits. About 250 men belong to the entire organization.

During the last year first aid was given to 477 injured persons, several of whom were dead or dying. Of this number 318 were men and 139 women.

Frequent drills are held by this squad in which members play the part of the injured and all the features of the most dangerous rescues are faithfully carried out. It was one of these drills which furnished the opportunity to make the accompanying photographs.

The climb up the mountain side is of course made more difficult than an ordinary ascent by the heavy equipment which must be carried to the scene. Naturally the most delicate and laborious work is bandaging an injured man. First of all his arms or legs, if broken or dislocated, are placed in splints. Then he is laid in a stretcher and the return begins. In many cases it is necessary to carry him over a wide chasm. He is laced into a heavy canvas stretcher which is attached to ropes which have been led across the chasm.

Slowly the injured man is lowered down and rescuers on the other side of the chasm await his arrival. During parts of the descent the rescue men must hold the stretcher to prevent its striking against the rock. At the foot of the mountain the injured man, if conscious, and strong enough, is released from the wooden stretcher and carried along on a wooden seat.

Sometimes deep snow is encountered by the rescuers with a body on a steep incline. Then the wounded man is lashed to a sled, and the rescuers, digging their heels in the snow, slowly let the vehicle with its precious freight slide down.

The death of the four Eton College masters—E. V. Slater, E. W. Powell, R. White-Thomson and H. E. E. Howson—was one of the greatest tragedies of recent years, as they were connected with the most prominent and aristocratic school in England and were all noted sportsmen and athletes. They were expert mountain climbers. But they encountered one of those deadly traps which nature always seems to be laying for men seeking the mountains. They ran on to a steep slope of soft snow concealing a mass of hard ice. Their climbing iron, clogged with soft snow, failed to hold on to the ice and they slipped.

It would have been nearly impossible for them to have avoided this danger, for they could not have climbed the entire distance cutting their way inch by inch through the ice.

The disaster occurred on Mount Rose, a peak 12,937 feet high, in the Bernese Alps, near Pontresina. They set out on Wednesday afternoon intending to spend the night at the Cierva

2—Slowly the Injured Man Is Lowered Down and Rescuers on a Peak on the Other Side of the Chasm Await His Arrival.



1—In the First Part of the Descent along the Perpendicular Side of the Mountain, the Rescue Squad Accompany the Stretcher to Prevent Its Striking Against the Rock.



2—Having Cleared the Overhang at the Top of the Gorge, the Rescuers Let Themselves Down by Means of Ropes and Support the Stretcher on Their Shoulders With the Aid of a Strong Wooden Pole.

hut, 9,000 feet up, and set out for the final climb at dawn. In this case they fell to their death without the knowledge of anybody in the outside world and without the possibility of help being sent to them. Their bodies were not seen till the day after they had set out, when alarm began to be felt because they had not returned. A search party was sent out and found their alpenstocks lying on a

slope. Then the guides dimly discerned their bodies lying at the bottom of a crevasse 800 feet deep. They had been roped together and had fallen together. Then another party was sent out to recover the bodies. Sixteen men went in this party, but only five went down the precipice on account of the danger from falling stones. They found their bodies lying together at the foot of the precipice. Their rope by which they were still held together was twisted

around their necks. Their watches were still going. Their climbing irons were full of snow. Conditions were more dangerous than usual owing to recent falls of snow.

"I imagine that one slipped, carrying the others with him," said a guide. It is possible that one of the men was hit by a boulder, causing him to lose his footing and drag the others.

Many newly fallen rocks were about. They fell about 800 feet over a mixture of ice and rocks and 300 feet over bare rock.

On Thursday a party of sixteen returned on Friday morning and found traces of the terrible glissade (slide). Where the fall began the snow slope was at an angle of 50 degrees.

The climbers were properly equipped, but when we discovered the bodies we found that the rope between them was rather short. After falling down the gully about 600 feet the bodies began

to bounce over jagged rocks and were terribly mutilated.

"We had a hard time reaching the bodies. We could not go down on Friday because rocks were falling all the time on the bodies with a noise like machine gunfire. The next day I made a rush for the bodies with a small body of men, while the rest of the party remained above ready to help us."

"We put the four bodies in sacks," said the guide, "and lowered them down the couloir (deep gorge) with ropes. It was the only way to get them down to the lower glacier. On the glacier we tied them on four skis and dragged them to the Coaz hut. From here we took them to the Roseg Inn, whence they were taken into Pontresina in a cart."

It is said that some features of the rescue work might have been carried out more efficiently by the German Alpine Squad, although nothing could have surpassed the bravery of the Swiss guides in Pontresina. The German Squad, it is said, would have had all necessary equipment with them on first sighting the bodies, but in any case the fallen men were beyond help.

A similar accident occurred at the same spot last year. At that time one man was killed, but his companion was rescued after falling into the couloir, causing him to lose his footing and drag the others.

Only the day after the bodies of the Eton men were recovered three more Alpine climbing deaths were announced. Herr Kroemer, a young member of the Munich Alpine Club, was killed by a fall of rock while climbing the northern slope of the Matterhorn. His companion, after having tied the body to a rock, fetched a relief party from the Belvedere hut.

Herman Hatz, a Swiss, and his guide, Franz Lechmeister, fell 1,200 feet to their deaths when climbing the Welshorn.

The four Eton masters had all been noted athletes. Mr. Powell rowed in the Cambridge varsity eight in 1907 and 1908. He also won the Diamond Sculls. Mr. White-Thomson was the son of the Bishop of Ely and was a Lieutenant colonel in the Flying Corps during the war. Mr. Slater, the oldest of the party, had been a master at Eton for thirty years.

Mr. White-Thomson was a clever artist and had served as drawing master at Eton during part of his time there. It was because he had a 200-gift for making water-color pictures of Alpine and mountain scenes that he was appointed to this position. One of his best paintings was made on an old strip of wing which was used



3—As the Stretcher With Its Living or Dead Occupant Reaches the Other Side of the Chasm Rescuers Await It.

Arrived at the Foot of the Mountain, the Injured Man Is Released From the Canvas Stretcher and Is Carried Along on a Wooden Seat Held by Two of the Rescue Party.



When Snow Is Encountered on a Steep Incline, the Wounded Man Is Lashed to a Sled, and the Rescuers, Digging Their Heels in the Snow, Slowly Let the Sled With Its Human Freight Descend.

Lost Her Trunk and the Astonishing Things That Resulted



In the Men's Lodging House Miss Terry Lived for Three Weeks, Sleeping in a Room With Sixteen Men and Watching Her Chance to Dress and Undress Without Being Discovered.

How the Hand of Fate Pushed Miss Hilda Terry, a Young English Girl, From One Embarrassing Experience Into Another, Because, Having Lost Her Feminine Attire, She Put on Trousers and the

World Accepted Her as a Boy

THE hand of fate played a trick on Miss Hilda Terry, a twenty-four-year-old English girl, which plunged her into an unwilling series of adventures which have recently been revealed here.

Hilda had been trained as a stenographer and worked in her father's business in a suburban town, but decided she would like a change of employment and answered an advertisement by a professor living at a Devonshire coast resort. The professor wanted a secretary-typist to help him with a scientific book he was writing; this just suited Hilda, who wanted to go to the seaside. A meeting was arranged, they seemed to be mutually satisfactory, and Hilda got the job.

"Everything was fine for the first day or two," said Hilda Terry to an American Weekly representative. "But very soon the professor said it disturbed him to see a skirt about the house. He said he disliked women—I guess one of them had let him down rather badly at some time, and he asked if I would mind, while staying in his house, wearing gray flannel trousers and a shirt."

"I wondered why, with ideas like that, he hadn't engaged a man secretary. But the job was a comfortable one and I thought it would be rather a lark to go about as a boy. So I agreed to the professor's suggestion. He bought me the necessary clothes and, after a few days' embarrassment, I got quite used to wearing them. I had a good deal of free time which I used to spend on the beach; no one seemed to notice anything amiss in my appearance. I suppose people thought I was a young man."

"Apart from his antipathy to women, the professor was very kind and considerate. The job, in fact, was too easy and too good to last. Any way, within a couple of months it came to an end and I had to go back to London."

"Then my troubles began. Almost without thinking of what I was doing, I went to the station wearing the trousers to which I had become accustomed. All my girls' clothes were packed into a trunk, which I saw into the luggage van of the train. And the trunk was stolen or lost on the way!"

"I made all kinds of inquiries at London, but it was no use. The trunk had disappeared and has never turned up to this day. And there was little money and nowhere particular to go."

"The first shock was when a porter addressed me as 'Sir.' Then, as I was leaving the station, a taxi-man called out 'Taxi, Sir!' I realized then for the first time that the world was taking me at my 'face value.' I thought at first of going to a women's hotel, but that was out of the question. In my endless explanations. So, instead, taking my courage in both hands, I went and, to Peter Travers, the first name that occurred to me—booked a room with a young married couple at Kilburn near London. They were quiet unassuming and indeed very kind to their 'young lodger.' I had no idea then," continued Miss Terry, "that I was letting myself in for a series of adventures. I had wired my family at Southampton for some money and I meant, as soon as I got it, to buy a new outfit and look for a job—as a girl of course. But my parents were the money to a post-office—naturally enough I had not told them that I had changed my mind—and, when I went to get it, the official refused to hand over to Peter Travers a money-order addressed to 'Miss Terry.' I said I was Miss Terry's brother, but the skeptical official demanded that, in any case, I should call again accompanied by my sister!"



The Hotel Metropole, in London, Where Hilda Worked as a Dining-Room Waiter in Cafe Jacket and Trousers.



Miss Hilda Terry in Maculine Outfit in Which She Masqueraded for Many Months as "Peter Travers."



The Lodging House, or Hotel, as the English Call It, for Boys and Men, at No. 12 Penance Place, London, Where Hilda Lived in the Dormitories With the Men.

self, down out and out looking for work. They took me for a very young boy, the youngest in the place and, as such, I was the butt of a good deal of teasing. On the whole, however, they were good-natured, very willing to go shares in tea, cigarettes or even clothing. Men are, I think, a great deal more generous to each other than women would be in the same circumstances. One man, an American named Mackay, was particularly kind to me. We shared his little shilling and I used to give him the ounce of tobacco which the hotel people gave each of us once a week. I couldn't smoke it and he could. It was he who suggested that I should try for a job as a waiter. I knew nothing whatever about waiting, but all my efforts to find other work had been fruitless. So, hiding my ignorance as best I could, I applied to a West End employment agency. I was in luck that day and got a job as assistant waiter at the Hotel Metropole in Northumberland Avenue. The head waiter who engaged me was a very good sort; he lent me two dollars to buy a cafe jacket. I was to start work at seven the following morning and, since we were not allowed to leave the Penance Place Hotel before eight, I had to find another lodging for the night. I went to the London County Council house in Kenble Street and found, to my astonishment, that there were much rougher places than Penance Place!

she was measured by the tailor for her waiter's suit, trembling all the time lest he should notice the unduly rounded curves of his customary host in dormitory "ragging" she ran the risk of ignominious exposure; and how she had to fight a Frenchman who called her a "damned English swine." That was at the Metropole where, after a while, she went to live in the staff quarters. In the restaurant one evening "Peter Travers" (by now transformed into Peter King to avoid confusion with another waiter named Travers) accidentally bumped up and I threw a plate at him. Consternation in the restaurant! Waiters rushed up, the maître d'hôtel came along to stop the "disgraceful brawl" in the presence of customers, both offenders were hurriedly sent below. But that night, when all the guests had gone, the waiters insisted that "Peter" and the Frenchman should fight it out. "They all stood round to see fair play," said Miss Terry. "Most of them were yelling 'Go for him, Peter, and I didn't know what to do. I tugged at his hair, scratched his face, twined his moustache. He pummelled me for all he was worth and I fought like a wildcat. It went on for what seemed like hours and more than once I near-

ly gave up the struggle. But in the end I knocked him out, though I was sore for a week afterwards. I wonder they didn't guess my sex when they saw me scratch and pull. Afterwards I learned to box but at that time I knew nothing about Queensberry rules." The victory stood "Peter" in good stead. Would-be tormentors had, after that, a wholesome respect for "his" powers and he was never insulted again. But to keep up "his" reputation, the young pugilist put "his" name down for the waiters' cricket and football teams. And he didn't do so badly either! He actually knocked up 27 runs in a cricket match against the Langham Hotel waiters' team. "That was good fun," said "Peter." "I quite enjoyed the games. What was much more embarrassing was when the other waiters began to twist me about not having a girl. To have a girlfriend seems, among men, to be an essential part of life. Certainly men talk far more about girls than girls, among themselves, talk about men. That, at least, is my experience." "Anyway, before long, I was constantly asked where my girl was and I was greeted, either with incredulity or contemptuous pity when I said I hadn't got one. It sounded silly now, but the thing got on my nerves and, I suppose, rather panicky about being found out. And, in order to be like everybody else, I started going out with a parlor maid I knew, quite a pretty girl. We went together for a while and to a couple of shows; then she invited me to call at her home and meet her parents. And, believe me or not, before I knew where I was the silly girl had fallen head over heels in love with me. She dropped so many hints about engagement and marriage that I had, in the end, to tell her that I was not a 'marrying man.' She was very upset and more or less accused me of having led her wrong, though the Lord knows I did nothing of the sort! Eventually, all on my account I was told, she threw up her job and went home. I have not seen her since."

"Girls," added Hilda meditatively, "are most silly asses. I suppose I had exceptional opportunities for observing but you can take it from me that you don't know what a girl is like until you've seen how she behaves when alone with a man. She may be quite sensible, average, normal and balanced when on her own or with other women; with a man she becomes a different creature. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen for myself."

"There are exceptions of course," she continued, "but the way most girls throw themselves at men is simply sickening and it does them a lot of harm. I used to blush for my sex as I listened, in the men's dormitory, to the tales my roommates told of their conquests. They thought themselves irresistible and it's the girls' fault for encouraging them. If they only knew how the men talk about them afterwards! Once, I remember, as I was walking along the street a girl waved her hand at me from a window. I waved back—what else could I do?—and in no time she had dropped a note at my feet asking me to take her out! Can you wonder that men hold girls cheap when they behave like that?"

"Peter" nearly got into trouble over another girl, a nurse in a London hospital whom "he" took out once or twice. The nurse had a fiancé who objected to the new "young man," attentions. He wrote "Peter" a threatening letter and the girl prudently decided to drop the new love in favor of the old.

In spite of her adventures during her life as a man—and she modestly states that men have a better time of it than women—Miss Terry was anxious to become a girl again. And she wanted to visit her parents who, all this time, knew nothing of her escapades. So, after nine months at the Hotel Metropole, having saved enough money to buy a feminine outfit, "Peter Travers" gave notice and left. She changed her clothes between London and her home town. The young man who had boarded the train in London stepped out at the station as a slim and rather attractive girl.

After visiting her parents the job-hunting began again. Hilda—as a girl this time—applied for posts as stenographer, domestic servant, companion, maid-of-all-work, etc. In vain she tramped from town to town seeking work—woman's work. But no one seemed to want a girl, so she decided to change her sex again. "In five minutes I had changed from my girl's clothes and put on the bathing costume. Then, on top of that, I pulled on an open-neck shirt and a pair of flannel trousers. My hair was short, and it did not take long with the aid of water from a ditch to flatten it out and brush it behind my ears."

"In five minutes I had changed from a woman of twenty-four to a boy in his late teens. I was clean-shaven, shaved, and in her place was Peter Travers, the young man who had slept in London town houses and worked for nine months as a waiter in the Hotel Metropole."

As a boy she tramped the countryside, begged food from passing motorists, slept in fields and on haystacks. Eventually she got taken on as a handyman on a farm, where she milked the cows and looked after the farmyard. Now Hilda is a girl again with marcelled hair and plucked eyebrows. Indeed, Hilda got in touch with a young man who, to her, spelled Romance with capital R. In spite of all she knows of the ways of men and in spite of her scorn for loveless girls, Hilda launched into matrimony. She says she has adventures as a man seem to have come to an end.

"But I should do it again," she says, "if I were down and out. I don't like it, it's not thick, but it's better to work as a man than to be a girl."

The Oldest Inhabited Spot on Earth



Interesting Sculpture Found in an Ancient Temple at Kharga, Showing That It Was an Important Place in the Days of the Old Pharaohs of Egypt.

Remarkable Discoveries at the Oasis of Kharga, in Egypt, Conquered and Colonized by the Greatest Races of the World for 500,000 Years



A Reconstruction of the Mousterian Man, Estimated by Scientists to Have Lived 500,000 Years Ago, the Earliest Type of Man Found at Kharga.



One of the Ancient Egyptian Temples of Kharga, Proving That It Was Inhabited During the Time of Many of the Pharaohs. Drawing by C. A. Hoskins.

THE oldest continuously inhabited spot on earth has been located and partially explored through the remarkable labors of Miss Caton Thompson, the brilliant archeologist of the Royal Anthropological Institute of England.

This spot is the Kharga Oasis in Egypt, 124 miles west of ancient Luxor on the Nile. It is a big spot, for it is 1,158 square miles in area. Miss Caton-Thompson and her learned associates have found abundant evidence that the Oasis has been inhabited without interruption since the almost primal man of the Mousterian age lived there between 500,000 and 100,000 years ago. The place has often been mentioned in history, but it has never been investigated by modern science until now.

Among the most important races that have been identified as occupying this site are:

1. Mousterian men belonging to a subdivision of the very early paleolithic or old stone age.
2. Neolithic men, makers of well finished stone implements.
3. Ancient Egyptians of all periods.
4. Babylonians of King Nebuchadnezzar's time.
5. Persians of the time of King Darius.
6. Greeks of the age of Alexander the Great.
7. Romans of the time of Julius Caesar.
8. Arabs and other followers of Mohammed.
9. Present-day Egyptians with a mixture of Arabs and Negroes.

Far down below the surface of the soil the archeologists found abundant remains of the old Mousterian man. These men had just begun to be human and were only able to make the roughest kind of tools and weapons from flint and other stones. It is characteristic of the Mousterian man that he only knew enough to make an arrow-head or spear-head by chipping it on one side, leaving the natural side to form an edge. His successor, the neolithic man, made a much more deadly weapon by chipping it skillfully on both sides.

It was very interesting to find that the Mousterian men at Kharga made their weapons in a characteristic way that has only been found here and in some other parts of Northern Africa and which is somewhat different from that followed by the other men of this old race.

The Mousterian age was so-called because the most abundant remains of the period were found in the cave of Le Moustier in Southern France, but the traces of this very miserable and benighted stage of human development have been found over most of Europe and Northern Africa.

At Kharga there were abundant remains of the crude Mousterian flint tools and weapons. These primitive men evidently found an exceptionally

good opportunity to gain a living here from the abundant game and fish. These unfortunate people would have died of starvation if they could not obtain their food easily. They were ignorant of agriculture and cattle raising, and their methods of catching fish and game would only have deceived the most unsuspecting animals.

After the crude Mousterian men had lived there for many thousands of years, they were followed by the neolithic men, who were much more skillful. It is believed there was no connection between the paleolithic and the neolithic men. The lower type did not evolve into the higher by industry and education.

There is evidence, however, that the neolithic men hastened the departure of the paleolithic men by shooting them full of their sharp, neatly chipped arrows, or, if they still insisted on lingering, by jabbing them with their well-made spears. A few survivors of the paleolithic men fled to lonely caves and mountains, where they became extinct through hardship and starvation. It is believed that they passed out of existence entirely, while civilized men of today are descended from the neolithic race.

The neolithic men must have found Kharga a satisfactory country, for they had a large part of the world to choose from and settled here by preference. They became very numerous, and their relics have been found in extraordinary quantities even after an imperfect search. The place was, in fact, a center of neolithic industry.



Raising Water in the Kharga Oasis by a Primitive Screw, Which Lifts It Only Five Feet. The Same Method Was Used Here Over Four Thousand Years Ago.

Great stretches of flint mine workings cover the edge of the Kharga plateau for many miles. Here flint "boulders," weighing several pounds were roughly flaked into long bars ready for export. Kharga furnished the raw material of industry and war to a large part of the neolithic world. Deeply buried in the clay and silt around the springs in the oasis were a great variety of objects belonging to the flint industry—arrow-heads, spear-heads, hatchets, knives and so on.

The beginning of the neolithic period has been placed by Professor Breasted, of Chicago University, as long as 50,000 years ago. These men of Kharga Oasis went on living there for thousands of years, improving their flint implements and carrying on trade with distant parts of the world, probably even with Britain and Ireland.



Ruins of the Temple of Darius the Great of Persia at Kharga. About 2,300 Years Old. One of the Many Civilizations That Have Been Found on the Oasis.



Egyptian Peasant Woman and Child, Typical Inhabitants of the Oasis of Kharga Today. She Is the Result of the Mohammedan Conquest of the Oasis.

It is believed that they were the ancestors of the ancient Egyptians, and to some extent of the mixed race that inhabits the soil today. The remains of nearly all periods of Egyptian history have been found at Kharga, and more will probably be unearthed when the soil is systematically searched.

The beginning of real civilization in Egypt has been definitely traced to 7,000 years ago, and many authorities believe it reaches back to 10,000 years ago. An observatory has been traced at Edfu, near the Nubian frontier of Egypt, which was built for the observation of the star Canopus about 8400 B. C., showing that these people had a scientific knowledge of astronomy 8,400 years ago.

Many races invaded the Kharga Oasis when the Pharaohs were beginning to lose their power. The relics left by several of these early races have been identified by the explorers. The ruins still show above ground, and their discovery has been greatly aided by taking photographs from an airplane. These have revealed forgotten temples, palaces and towns that have passed unnoticed in modern times.

One of the most remarkable objects

located by the airplane is a splendid temple of King Darius I. of Persia. This King was one of the most powerful and famous monarchs of ancient times and is mentioned by the Bible. He conquered Babylonia and most of the civilized parts of Asia and then extended his conquest into Egypt. He covered his new territories with splendid roads and public works, which added to the spread of his power. But he was checked by the brave Greeks at Marathon when he tried to conquer Greece.

While it was well known that Darius conquered Egypt, the entire record of his operations there is still incomplete. The fact that he built a temple at Kharga proved that it must have been a very desirable place of residence, a health resort, in fact.

An interesting episode concerning Persian activities at Kharga is mentioned by old Herodotus. He states that the army of Cambyses, another Persian King, was almost destroyed by a deadly hot wind which buried them in the sand after passing the oasis. Cambyses was on his way to attack the Nubians.

It is known from historical references that the Greeks and Romans built palaces and public buildings and established their system of government firmly in Kharga during their successive occupations of Egypt. When Alexander the Great was extending his rule over the civilized world, he naturally seized Egypt, once the most powerful country and still of great importance. His general, Ptolemy, occupied the throne of the Pharaohs and he and his followers added a considerable Greek element to its civilization. The combination of this Greek-Egyptian period produced the beautiful and uncrispated Cleopatra, who was as much a courtesan as a queen.

Having fascinated Julius Caesar and Mark Antony in turn, Cleopatra lost her throne to the latter's enemy, the Emperor Augustus. Caesar, who definitely established Roman rule in the land of the Pharaohs, Kharga was then governed in an orderly manner by Roman officials, who remained there for many centuries.

The historian Procopius mentions the interesting fact that in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, about the year 300, Egypt was frequently raided by a very fierce race called the Blemmyes, who were half ape and half man. They carried their raids into the oasis of Kharga.

The Roman Empire fell, the Arabs, under a descendant of the fiery prophet Mahomet, overran Egypt, and Kharga entered upon a long stage of Mohammedan domination, which is not yet ended. Several centuries later another variety of Mohammedanism was added to the mixture, when the barbers of the Crusades came to power. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was a dangerous place to visit because Turkish officials preyed upon the small and extortion on travelers, and the tribes of the surrounding desert were very cruel and bloodthirsty.

Today the inhabitants of Kharga are a mixture of mixed Arab, Egyptian and Abyssinian descent. They are a rather miserable class, living in a very different from what we expect the Oasis is not irrigated as it was in ancient times, and consequently it is less fertile and supports fewer people. It has quite a forbidding appearance even in the cultivated spots, and looks very different from what we expect an oasis to be. In fact, it has been very different since the fall of the Roman Empire fell.

**Princess Pignatelli, Recently Divorced From
Her Spanish Husband of Many
Ancient Titles, Explains Why
Marriages of American
Girls and Foreign
Noblemen Do Not
Turn Out Well**



The Princess Ludovico Pignatelli, Who Was Formerly the American Heiress,
Ruth Morgan Waters.

point is that I was not exactly what you might call a gullible young man. When Prince Pignatelli first came into my life, Mother and I were in Europe in 1914 when the war broke out. We had a frightful time getting our things out of Paris with all the rush and confusion that followed. It was two months before we were able

There the Prince was lord and master of his castle in form and in fact. My every step was watched. Every move was guarded. That sort of suspicious surveillance soon irks the American woman.

The well-bred European woman, particularly those of nobility, is reared in a restricted life. The freedom that the young American girl enjoys would

"The prince of my story is a trait common to all members of nobility. They never trust their wives. The most innocent act is questioned. Of course, it is all right for the husbands to go out and do whatever their fancy pleases, but their wives must sit sedately within the protection of their home."

"The Prince and I had many wonderful times together, for all our troubles. We had filled relatives

"He did not drink, except for a wine with his dinner, but he was a gambler. He lost huge sums over the gaming tables at Nice and Monte Carlo."

"While my father and mother were quite wealthy they also had American friends."



The Princess Pignatelli and Her Daughter Marie
Leben at Cannes last Easter

More than 100 people gathered for the home entrance hip hop dance, which took place in the field at 10 a.m. on the day of the August 13th to August 16th Federal Judge Paul McMahon's court stay in Atlanta.



Delightful Etching of Gaby Deslys by Etienne Delon, Showing Her With Her Famous Ropes of Pearls.

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

I HAVE said in the previous chapter that from my earliest recollection as a child, if I coveted a thing, I stole it without the least compunction, and instead of completing my education as befitted my station in life in England, I became an active member of the London underworld at an age when most boys are in college preparatory school.

At the suggestion of "Boss" Rogan, notorious but slippery international crook and gang leader, I had undertaken to secure the very valuable string of pearls worn by Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the French dancer, who was then a popular favorite in London. Rogan had supplied me with abundant funds to entertain Gaby, and I had managed to arrange to meet her at the stage door after the performance; the card I had enclosed in the flowers I had been sending her each night read, "The Honourable Basil Vaughan," indicating that I was the son of a lord.

And now the great moment had come at last. I had not long to wait. Very soon a large white and black Siddeley-Deasy car was waiting. She soon appeared, and I hastened towards her, bowing low over her hand. Then, looking up into her face I understood why men lost their hearts to this exquisite woman, with her tender, sincere smile and graceful movements. Here was a gracious lady the like of whom I had never before seen.

Almost stammering with eagerness and, I think, shyness, I begged the honor of being permitted to take her to supper at the Carlton. Smiling, she accepted my invitation, and later allowed me to accompany her back to her house in Kensington Gore. I slept little that night. My thoughts drifted in confusion through the dark channels of my mind. The stark truth I would not admit, yet I knew I was in love with an attractive woman, and it was a glorious moment.

Night after night I attended the show. Night after night I escorted her to supper or a dance club. Refusing to face the consequences, I went madly, blindly on my way, thrusting from me all thought of the part I was pledged to play. I was in love, and that was the only thing that mattered.

I avoided my confederates doggedly, and did not consider what their attitude might or might not be towards me. I had taken considerable pains to elude the watchfulness of "Boss" Rogan. I had almost managed to forget that I was spending his money.

Rogan, however, was not accustomed to such treatment, and, as I waited in pleasurable anticipation at the stage door for Gaby one night, the sudden sound of Rogan's voice in my ear

brought me down to earth with an unpleasant bump. Drawing me aside, he proceeded to remind me, in the manner in which one talks to a wayward child, of the work I had to do.

"There must be better progress. You must have no other interest in the little lady but the pearls—or there will be trouble."

One speaks easily of being between two fires, but on looking back to my position that night, the familiar quotation appeared to be most apt. And yet—two fires? One was a gorgeous, ardent, flame, while the other was like that which holds the moth to the candle, inescapable.

As "Boss" Rogan left me standing on the pavement, the whole situation in its tragic tangle dawned clearly upon me. I—a crook, and known to the police as well as to a large body of confederates as a crook—had won, if not the love—in the accepted sense of the word—at any rate the most sincere, delightful form of friendship of one of the most beautiful and celebrated women in the world. She was the favorite of kings.

Men of all stations in life worshiped at her shrine. I, a crook, had pledged myself to steal the pearls which had by now become almost sacred to me, because each day they rested round her throat and seemed part of her dear self.

As she came through the stage door that night, I think she sensed that something was wrong. Instead of greeting her with my usual utterly frank joy at seeing her again, I looked quietly at her for a moment, and took her hand without a word.

We had arranged to have supper at one of the lesser known restaurants, where we could talk quietly and happily together, but she gave orders for home, and I followed her silently into the car. As I got in I saw "Boss" Rogan step into a car which was waiting a few yards behind.

We spoke very little during that short journey. The car drew up at the door, and as I helped her out and up the steps I saw the second car slowly cruising toward us.

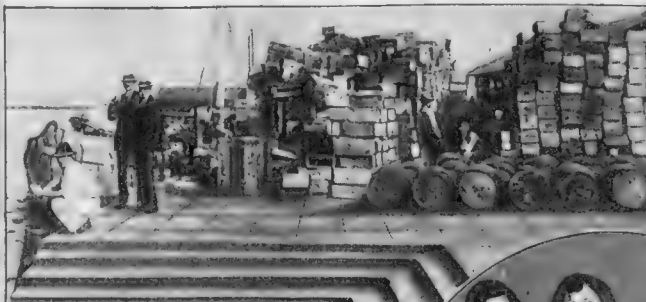
For some time I sat silent in the boudoir, that charming room which had grown so familiar and dear to me. Do what I could, I seemed unable to break that unbearable silence. Never had time dragged so heavily or awkwardly. Yet but a few minutes only had passed since the door had closed and she proceeded to examine her letters, laying down her gloves and fan, and giving me, in her woman's intuitive way, time to recover from she knew not what.

The torture of the situation became suddenly intolerable, and turning to her, my voice as controlled as if suggesting we might dine, I told her the truth. I hid nothing. In a torrent of words I exposed myself for the cad I was. I expected her to be terribly angry or to wither me with contempt. She did neither. Turning, she chose with

Unblushing Confessions

Netley Lucas, a Born Criminal, After Years of A the Jails of Many Cities and Countries, Sudd

Manages
Queen
Personag
Now R



Scene on the Wharves of Nassau, Bahamas Islands, Where Lucas Took on a Shipload of Cases and Casks of Liquor on the Rum Runner.



The Walls of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, Where Lucas Was Held in Confinement.



The Notorious Mrs. Merrick in the Center of a Table of Her Dancing Girls at the Famous "13 Club." Where Netley Lucas Was a Patron When He Had the Money to Spend on Champagne.



"Brilliant" Chang, the "Dope King," in His Den in London's Chinatown.

deliberation a cigarette, and walking to the fireplace she spoke over her shoulder to me.

"I'm glad you told me, Basil," she said quietly. "If I had found out from any other source I should have informed the police. As it is I'm going to help you."

I made no response. My face, scarlet and downcast, my tongue incapable of speech, with tears scalding my eyes.

"The best thing you can do," she went on, turning so that she faced me, "is to go now—and at once!" She fumbled at her throat. The next instant, the famous ropes of pearls lay in her hands, and with a slight exclamation, she threw them at my feet.

"Take them to your friends!" The pearls lay glistering dully at my feet.

"Do as I tell you," she commanded, and the note in her voice was such as no man cares to hear. It was neither contempt nor anger, only sheer flat indifference. "Now—go!"

As I reached the pavement a car drew quietly to my side, and I saw "Boss" Rogan. The door opened and I stepped in.

"Well?" he asked. "Here you are," I answered, tossing the pearls into his lap.

"Good God," he exclaimed, and ordered the man to drive quickly to his flat.

Arriving there, we all went into the smoking-room, and after carefully drawing the blinds "Boss" pulled out the jewels from his pocket and walked over to the light to examine them.

For a second he made no comment. Then he wheeled round on me. "You poor fool! This damned thing is a dud, and not worth a penny!"

It is not a difficult matter to make an easy liv-

ing by your wits in the West End of London provided that you have sufficient savoir faire, the ability to wear your clothes correctly and an entire lack of scruple. If you couple with this a good education and a knowledge of the weakness of human nature you can hardly fail to "make good" as a crook in London, W. I.

At this stage of my strange career my chief ambition was to ape the novelist Horning's great character of "Raffles," and actually I made this famous book my Bible. After I had spent an evening engaged in some nefarious enterprise, I would retire to bed in my Jermyn street flat and read again and again of the exploits of the most famous crook in fiction.

But now I was myself something of a personality in the underworld, and whereas so far I had only been able to mix with the rank and file of crime, I now found myself persona grata with the best swell-mobsmen, those international thieves and confidence tricksters whose movements were chronicled in police communiques in very much the same way that the activities of film stars and politicians are exploited by a watchful press. It is impossible for me to reveal here all the little affairs with which I was connected, for very obvious reasons. But I found that a willingness to co-operate with bigger crooks, and to carry out their instructions to the letter, brought me offers from many directions to share in coups of every kind.

I mentioned in a previous chapter that I came in touch with that curious person, "Brilliant" Chang, the Chinaman who ruled the underworld of the West End for a number of years, and who, when he was eventually deported, took a quarter of a million sterling with him—the proceeds from his wholesale dealings in drugs on a scale never since equalled by any trafficker. Later, I met this Oriental in different circumstances; for he was serving a sentence of imprisonment in Wormwood Scrubs at the same time that I, too, was paying a small debt to the State.

My life at this time was that of the jeunesse doree, although I was not of course mixing in high "society" any more than in its opposite pole, the lower stratum of the underworld. The community known as the half-world was my hunting ground. I made the acquaintance of indescribably beautiful and incredibly vulgar and mercenary "actresses"—most of whom were ornaments of the chorus. I lived my nights in cabarets and night clubs. I just lived—if it can be called living—by my wits; in other words, by fraud and false pretences and any activity which promised a satisfac-

of Versatile Rascal

ctivity in the Underworld and in
only Takes a New Name,
to Gain the Confidence of
is, Princesses and Distinguished
es, Goes to Prison Again—And
reveals How He Did It All

KKNOWN to the police all over the world and with a criminal record since his childhood Netley Lucas, international crook, accomplished his most remarkable achievement when the Queen of Spain unsuspectingly welcomed him for a private audience in her boudoir in the Royal Palace in Madrid. Lucas, the criminal, had changed his name to Graham and masqueraded as a very distinguished literary man. He fooled the British Foreign Office into serving him, imposed on the Spanish palace officials and wheedled the Queen into collaborating with him in her biography.

Perhaps his exploit with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most severe and alert judges in the criminal courts of England, was even more daring. Lucas, the jailbird, and the Lord Justice, sat together in intimate conferences while the rascal obtained material for the biography which the judge never dreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.

Lucas is only thirty but the experiences he details on these pages have been varied and remarkable enough to fill a long lifetime.



Some of Gaby Deslys' Famous Diamonds and Pearls Which Exceeded the Capabilities of the Underworld.

my financial return. To all outward appearances I was just another bloody young fool sowing his wild oats, but secretly my brain was always very much on the alert, and my pose of perpetual semi-intoxication cloaked a watchfulness which cost many a man dear who, thinking me to be a gilded youth waiting to be plucked, attempted to "put one over on me."

One night I was at the "43," "Mother" Meyrick's notorious night club in Gerrard street. There I picked up, or so I thought at the time, a very beautiful girl. She was dazzlingly fair, tall, and slender as a boy. Her Parisian frock seemed, like the waist, to consist of two shoulder straps and a gleaming, beautifully modeled girl here.

We danced together, and I fell for her charm once. It was while we were sitting out over a table of "Mother" Meyrick's incredibly bad and sensitive "fizz" that she startled me by saying: "I've wanted to meet you for a long time, Net-Lucas. I want you to do something for me. If you call on me at my flat tomorrow?"

"Why tomorrow?" I hedged, "why not to-day? No time like the present."

"It is business," smiled my beautiful partner and it can wait until tomorrow."

I accepted this momentary conge and took her to my flat, on which was written "Sonia Marsov, use," and an address in Maiden Lane. Soon afterwards she left me, but later that evening I Mrs. Meyrick aside and asked her if she knew the girl was. Her reply was puzzling.

"Yes, I know her well," said the night club girl. "The boys call her the 'Poison Queen.'" "A la Edgar Wallace?" I queried.

Edgar Wallace would find her a character as would fill a dozen novels," continued Mrs. Meyrick, "and you'll find her interesting, too, though man. But not in the usual way in which men interest you."

I smiled sceptically and left it at that. Next morning I presented myself at Sonia Marsov's flat. Sonia appeared, and, after some preliminary chit-chat, got down to business.

"I know you're a pretty smart lad, Lucas," she said, looking at me with half-shut eyes.

"You flatter me," I replied easily.

"Come off your perch," she said, relaps-

ing into the argot of the underworld. "Will you do a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?"

"Go to Limehouse and collect a parcel for me."

"Dope?"

She nodded.

"What is it worth to me?"

"Twenty-five quid, and easy money."

"Twenty-five pounds is nothing to me," I grinned. "I've got plenty of money." My attitude was sheer bravado, for, as a matter of fact, at that particular moment I hadn't, if I remember rightly, a fiver in the world.

"Well, what do you want?"

"What can you offer?"

For a moment the girl looked at me; then bending towards me confidentially, she quietly made a suggestion which even here I cannot bring myself to put into words. The woman in addition to her profession as a drug trafficker was also a procurer. I mastered the feeling of shame that came over me and answered casually, "O. K., good enough!" Then Sonia gave me my order as a result of which that evening found me at a certain address in the East End. I was admitted to an evil-looking house by a Chinese, who, after examining a note the "Poison Queen" had given me, admitted me and asked me to wait. A few minutes later another Chinaman entered, a small, undersized little man, too well dressed for Limehouse, and having about him a peculiarly hypnotic presence. It was "Brilliant" Chang. He handed me a small parcel wrapped in brown paper, and asked me my name.

"I like you," he said presently, offering me a cigarette from a gold case ostentatious in its size, "and I think I may be able to employ you. Come and see me up West one night."

Before I went on my way he gave me the address of his flat in Soho Square. And so it was that I busied myself with the risky but very profitable traffic in drugs for several months. My association with "Brilliant" Chang in several affairs began to draw the attention of the Scotland Yard detectives to me, and I thought it advisable to leave the great city for a while and seek pastures new. Answering an advertisement of a London



"I'm glad you told me, Basil," Gaby Deslys said quietly. "If I had found out from any other source I should have informed the police. As it is, I'm going to help you."

"I made no response. My face scarlet and downcast, my tongue incapable of speech, with tears scalding my eyes."

"The best thing you can do," she went on, turning so that she faced me, "is to go now—and at once!"

"She fumbled at her throat. The next instant the famous necklace lay in her hands, and with a slight exclamation she threw it at my feet."

firm, with vineyards in Marsala, Italy, and providing myself with an impressive bunch of forged credentials and references, I got the job. I was provided money in advance for my journey to sunny Italy, but stopped off a couple of days in Paris on my way, to visit with friends in the underworld there, and arrived a little late. I had pretty well tired of the monotony of clerk at the vineyards when news, somehow, came to the English manager that I was Netley Lucas, well-known crook and ex-convict. Thus I was obliged to leave this monotonous job.

Once more I arrived in Paris, but I was now terribly homesick for the smoke of dear old London, and so I determined to risk returning at once rather than continuing to wander aimlessly about Europe. It is not difficult to enter the Old Country illicitly if you know the ropes. The favorite way is to board a boat from St. Malo to Guernsey, where the passport control is easy to negotiate, and then to take a Southern Railway steamer to Southampton, where, having come from a British possession, there is no need to show a passport on landing. It was by this route that I returned many times since. It is the crook's "back door" to Merrie England and the most lucrative hunting ground in the whole world for those who live outside the law.

A few days later I was strolling once again up the dear old Strand—my head well between the teeth of the lion—but my heart brimful with joy at my return to the greatest and dearest city in the world. I felt instinctively, however, that I was riding for a fall. As a matter of fact, a sort of homesickness had taken possession of me, for I

no longer got any sort of kick out of committing crime, and at times I hated myself and just didn't care. I knew that sooner or later Scotland Yard would have its hands on me. It invariably does, and like a watching Nemesis is often content to wait complacently until the crook falls into the shallow and can be easily netted into prison.

Before many weeks had passed I was "broke" again, and to my horror I began to realize that I had lost my skill, for I was no longer able to carry out those little coups which had kept me in pocket before. My hand was losing its cunning, and my head its balance. I began to "fly kites," that is to say, scatter "dope" bricks all over the place, and before long, as I knew, I should find myself in the hands of the police.

One day something prompted me to go into a well-known club about Paris. I think something in the window attracted me, but anyhow, having once got inside, I told the tale that I was shortly going out to a rubber plantation in the Malay States, and that I wanted a complete outfit. The shopkeeper handed I upon me, especially when I casually made mention of a rich guardian. Completely taken in by my manner he gave me signed orders on various wholesale houses worded, "Please supply our client, Mr. Netley Lucas, with any goods he may select, and charge to our account. Signet & Co., Ltd." Not only were these orders given to me for outfitters, but also for jewelers and all kinds of traders. Consequently all I had to do was to go to those wholesale firms, choose whatever I wanted, hand over

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*If you want to hear
all the stars
as if "in person"*

OTHER INCLINED SOUNDING BOARD MODELS—\$100—\$125—\$150

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. Miraculous—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that \$49.95 ever brought before!

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A musical instrument of quality

YOUTH'S CHARM MAY BE YOURS

*if you keep that
schoolgirl complexion*

*This is the approved way,
with Palmolive's secret blend
of olive and palm oils*

YOU may bring romance closer... you may hold youth's charm and appeal as years go by, if you'll keep youth glowing in your skin. And there is a simple daily treatment that is priceless, for it is based on youth-protecting olive and palm oils.

Palmolive is the chosen soap of youth, because it is made from a blend of those beauty oils. That youth-giving blend accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

Nature's own beauty oils

Olive oil—soothing, enriching—gives Palmolive a velvety lather. This mild lather gently penetrates the tiny pores, freeing them of accumulations easily, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive casts a veil of youth over your skin.

Olive oil, too, gives Palmolive that wonderfully rich, olive-green color, your assurance of purity and safety.

Begin this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then start this 2-minute beauty treatment recommended by over twenty thousand beauty specialists: every morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after you've done that regularly for a month, see how easy it is to hold youth's charm, in spite of birthdays.

P. S. To keep that Schoolgirl Complexion all over, you ought to use Palmolive for the bath, too.



PALMOLIVE

*This much olive oil goes into the
making of every cake of Palmolive*

PALMOLIVE...the soap of Youth



"What better proof can you ask than Experience?"

ALEXANDER THE GREAT



EACH YEAR for many years, one builder of automobile Bodies has had the priceless experience of building more bodies than all others.

This experience includes the building of bodies for every type of car—from the most popular low-price car in the world to the distinguished sixteen-cylinder cars which are the industry's highest expression of the automotive art.

What better proof of authentic style, what better proof of safety and enduring strength, what better proof of value can you ask than experience?

What other name could you desire on the body of the car you buy, than "Body by Fisher"?

Added to all the other advantages of smartness and comfort and safety which this name has symbolized for years, there is a new Fisher development, so advanced that a car must have it to be identified as modern.

That is Fisher No Draft Ventilation — and your own experience will tell you this is the greatest contribution to safe, pleasurable and healthful motoring since the introduction of the closed car!



ALL FISHER BODIES HAVE NO DRAFT VENTILATION. At any speed in any weather it changes the air in the car without drafts. Draws out smoke and stale air. Prevents dangerous interior fogging of windows or windshield. Each passenger regulars circulation to suit himself.



OTHER BODIES DO NOT which means that the speed of the car sends air currents whipping in the windows — whirling against the back of the neck — increasing the hazard of colds — making one person's comfort another's discomfort — without giving real ventilation.



BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:



CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

TATTOO your LIPS!



THE NEW **Instant Color**
FOR SHAPELY LIPS

CORNS



Instant, Sure Relief
Prevents
SORE TOES
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Safely Removes Corns
Relief from pain... AT ONCE
with Dr. Scholl's Corn Pads...
the corns...
the corns...
the corns...

Corns, Calluses and Bunions
In Adults' Anomalous
are seen in all ages,
and thicknesses
for Corns, Calluses,
Bunions and Soft Corns.
For a few days, a
light oil, or a
learn that it is
relief is like.

Other Foot Troubles?
Remember, there is a
Dr. Scholl's Remedy
Available at All
Druggists for Corn
trouble. Ask for
Dr. Scholl's Remedy
for the feet. It is
Dr. Scholl's Remedy
for the feet. It is
Dr. Scholl's Remedy
for the feet. It is

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

**New Powder Makes
FALSE TEETH
Stick Tight All Day Long**

(Continued from Double Page)

the order and take the stuff away
me last.

It was not long, therefore, be-
fore I had procured nearly \$3,000
worth of diverse property in this
way. No reference was de-
manded from me, and in my op-
ion the outfitting firm was simply
asking for trouble. The manager
thought he had found a rich
young "muck" whom he could
load up with a lot of but which
would be useless to him abroad.
His greed outweighed his caution,
and the firm reaped its reward.

This was an easy way of mak-
ing a living, for the goods
obtained were easily marketable
again; and so I tried other firms
of similar kind and very aban-
doned thousands of dollars' worth
of goods in the morning, took
them straight to crook buyers
in the afternoon, and col-
lected about a third of their value
in hard cash.

The sands were now running
very low indeed, and I was con-
vinced that I had not much more
lightly before me. I was aware
that I was being shadowed, and
had managed to give the slip on
two or three occasions. To the de-
terious, who I had been assigned to
watch me, meaning that it per-
haps was only a matter of days
before the hand of the law would
seize me, I decided to enjoy
myself in the full while I still had
my liberty.

After a gay supper party at my
Jermyn street hotel apartment, I
went to a chorus girl, I selected
one. Little Lulu, as the party
trades up and down, we were
going down to Brighton together
for the second.

I rang up an automobile com-
pany and ordered them to send
round one of their smartest
limousines, adding that the "man
Nelly Lucas" would probably re-
quire it for a week at least. We
had telephoned ahead to the best
motels for a suite for "Lord and
Lady Lucas."

Next day, after luncheon, I
had occasion to negotiate a bogus
check with the cashier, which put
me in a hot and feverish temper
against the hotel. I had the good luck
to meet a very substantial busi-
nessman, who was much delighted
at being permitted to dine with
"Lord and Lady Lucas"—and he
kindly cashed another bogus
check for me for \$375.

But the next afternoon the
manager sent word up to the
room, asking me to grant him a
private interview. I knew at
once that one of my bad checks
had come home to roost. I called
for a little delay and, grabbing
Gloria, made a stealthy exit
down the servants' elevator and
out a rear door.

I knew that the arm of the law
was close upon me, and I invited
a party of my chorus girl friend-
to a champagne supper at my
Jermyn street hotel that evening.
What a supper it was, too, and
with what a climax! It was a
parties to tragedy. The host
myself, had just risen to reply to
an impromptu speech wherein my
own virtues as a good fellow and
the "prince of hosts" had been
repeated when the hotel host
suddenly found himself arrested! What a Gibraltar situation!

To tell the truth I felt rather a
relief than fear at the ter-
mination of my crazy career.
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suddenly found himself arrested! What a Gibraltar situation!

Again I made my appearance
at Westminster Police Court and
was sent to Brixton Prison until
my case came up for trial. I was
sentenced to Brixton reform insti-
tution for three years, when I
was set to work in the book-
binding shop and eventually was
transferred before the tribunal
of the Parole Board. Sir Wemyss
Grant Wilson, for examination.
He asked me this curious ques-
tion:

"Luce, if you could get \$50,000
to-day, simply for the sake of the
thing, and there was no possibility
of your being found out, would you
do it?"

ing do you constitute yourself a
judge between desiring and an-
deserving persons?"

"One knows instinctively."

"I wish I could read exactly
what is in your mind, Luce; you
are something of an enigma,"
said Sir Wemyss.

I did not get my license—or
freedom—yet! But in due time I
was released.

I cannot express in words the
feeling that welled up in me
when I found myself free again
in good old London. I can only
compare it to the soul-shaking
which must have been felt by
those who returned from the
Front in 1918 with the knowledge
that they were home for good.

That first night I dined
in luxury, spent a bibulous eve-
ning afterwards, and made the
acquaintance of a very pretty
girl.

Again things were getting
rather warm for me in the Lon-
don underworld, and I felt that
the police might nab me at any
moment. I had been quite active
in a racket which I found profit-
able, and which it may interest
the directors of the "Southern
Railways" to know about. It is
called "picking the daisy" at Vic-
toria Station and is, in fact,
robbing incoming passengers on
the Continental boat trains.

As is known to everybody, it
is possible to register baggage
through from Paris to Victoria
Station for customs examination
at the London terminus. This
baggage crosses the Channel in
sealed cars which are brought in-
fact up to Victoria, where the
seals are broken and the baggage
placed on trestles in a reserved
enclosure to which passengers are
admitted to claim their belong-
ings and make their declarations.
Identification is made possible by
a numbered ticket which is issued
at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and
the counterfoil of which, bearing
the same number, is posted on
the registered piece of bag-
gage.

The modus operandi is as fol-
lows. When the baggage is un-
loaded at Victoria several of the
"boys" smartly dressed and look-
ing like continental passengers,
and walk with it to the barrier. Here
a policeman is stationed to ex-
amine baggage and collect the
regulation tickets. Without this
no baggage may be taken away.
With a bit of bluff and the
sly remark, "The porter has the
ticket with the heavy stuff, of-
ficer," (to the policeman, one can
usually get away with it. Once
past the barrier the thief dashes
past like lightning, and a pas-
senger is left wondering what
has happened to his or her
suit or dressing-case. Often it

is insured, and then the insur-
ance company is forced to wonder
too!

Another method was to travel
on the Pullman coaches to Dover
and Folkestone and on route
throw off other passengers' bag-
gage at agreed stops, where ac-
complices were waiting with a car
to pick up the loot.

As I have already said, I de-
cided that London was getting
rather too hot for me, and I
transferred my activities to other
cities—Birmingham, Hull, Man-
chester, Newcastle and elsewhere.
At last I found a refuge in Glas-
gow, and while I lay in hiding an
old acquaintance—one of the
smartest crooks in Scotland—
made it his business to look me
up.

"Ye ought to get o' the
country," he said blandly.

"Admitted," I said. "But how?"

"There's a wee boat I ken
about which is sailing soon."

"Will?" I queried.

"The Jarvis. She's no moosh
o' a craft to look at, but I'm
thinking maybe she'd suit ye.
Ye'd ave to work. Ye don't book
no passage, ye just sign on for
the trip. Leave it to me and I'll
see what I can do."

I was only too glad of the
chance to get away safely. He
left me, returning after ten
o'clock that night with instruc-
tions to go quickly with him.
Without more ado I picked a
few necessary articles, for I was
by no means traveling frugal, as
was my usual custom, and fol-
lowed my friend through the dark
mystical area of Glasgow dock-
land. Negotiating the gangway
due care was approached the gang-
way of a vessel, a guide beckoned
to my friend, and without a
word we went on board.

A sign to the man on deck,
and we passed below to the first
mate's cabin.

"This is the man I was speak-
ing o'," he said, "my pal by way
of introduction. 'He's game for
the trip.'"

The first mate eyed me up and
down, and was obviously not im-
pressed.

"He's tougher than he seems,
maybe," explained my friend, al-
most unconsciously.

"Well," said the first mate,
"we're a man short, and we sail
at dawn. I suppose we can't be
too particular. Right?" And that
settled it.

I stirred on and went down to
the fore-cabin to snatch a few
hours' sleep. The next morning,
when the early sun was drench-
ing the sky with its languid
glow, the Jarvis cleaved slowly
out of dock and nosed her way
into the river. I was particularly
busy under the direction of a
deck hand, and had but little
time to watch our progress down

the Clyde, or to bother very much
about any attention the old ship
might attract at her departure.

Capable of no more than
twelve knots, the Jarvis allowed
me plenty of time in which to get
to know my shipmates—a motley
crowd. After five days at sea
there was engine trouble, and we
had to lie to for several days
while the engineers, put the trop-
he night. By the time my sick-
ness had passed, and I was able
to lend a hand with the rest of
the crew in the daily routine.

The most extraordinary mem-
ber of the whole crew was a Lan-
cashire man, one Joe Hardy,
whose native town was "Dad-
am," or Oldham. It was Joe
who told me the truth about our
trip. "O's summit o' a pirate,
lad," he said in answer to my
query. "We're taking liquor,
rum-running, as near as makes
no matter, to t'American coast."
"Rum-running?" I exclaimed.
"That's right."

"I suppose that's why the old
man' wasn't particular about our
books (Board of Trade seaman's
discharge books)?" Joe smiled.
"It's a question of a thousand
monna, there'd be few o' t' pre-
sent crew aboard. But the man
nab ask too many questions. Just
take it as it comes, and that's in
for a good time—plenty o' ex-
citement when we're gettin' rid
o' t' stuff, an' rattlin' good pay
when it's finished."

The passage to the Bahamas
was rough almost the whole way
out. However, upon the morning
we made Nassau, the sky cleared
to a glorious clear blue; and as
we steamed past a fishing fleet,
I compared with no little pleas-
ure the present foreign-looking
warm-colored scene to the drab
grayness of the Clydeide.

Our stay at Nassau was to be
only a short one. We were to
take on a cargo of a thousand
cases of Joe whisky, dear to the
heart of the American, then
steam out to a place off the

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grayness of the Clydeide.

Our stay at Nassau was to be
only a short one. We were to
take on a cargo of a thousand
cases of Joe whisky, dear to the
heart of the American, then
steam out to a place off the

am," or Oldham. It was Joe
who told me the truth about our
trip. "O's summit o' a pirate,
lad," he said in answer to my
query. "We're taking liquor,
rum-running, as near as makes
no matter, to t'American coast."
"Rum-running?" I exclaimed.
"That's right."

"I suppose that's why the old
man' wasn't particular about our
books (Board of Trade seaman's
discharge books)?" Joe smiled.
"It's a question of a thousand
monna, there'd be few o' t' pre-
sent crew aboard. But the man
nab ask too many questions. Just
take it as it comes, and that's in
for a good time—plenty o' ex-
citement when we're gettin' rid
o' t' stuff, an' rattlin' good pay
when it's finished."

"BUT YOU NEVER STAY HOME ANY MORE!"

THEN SHE FOUND OUT WHY

... LISTEN TO THIS. A FAMOUS DOCTOR SAYS: 'HEADACHES, INDIGESTION AND IRRITABILITY ARE CAUSED BY INTESTINAL POISONING. FRESH YEAST, EATEN DAILY, CORRECTS THIS TROUBLE.' WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST?

3 WEEKS LATER

OH, BILL! IT REALLY WAS MY FAULT THAT I WAS SICK AND CRANKY ALL THE TIME. I KNOW BETTER NOW...

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for Health

"HE SAID ALL I DO IS NAG AT HIM. THEN HE LEFT THE HOUSE... OH, MOTHER..."

BUT YOU REALLY ARE CROSS TO HIM, RUTH. HE PROBABLY THINKS YOU DON'T WANT HIM AROUND... HERE, WAIT A MINUTE—I HAVE AN IDEA...

DR. BENCE, the famous Hungarian internal specialist, advises—

"INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, IRRITABILITY ARE DIRECTLY TRACEABLE TO CONSTIPATION. TO CORRECT THIS, EAT FRESH YEAST."

Fleischmann's Yeast "tones" the intestinal muscles... softens the wastes... restores natural intestinal activity. Eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are on the label. Begin eating it today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for Health

Gives the Beauty of \$3⁰⁰ Powders Yet Only 55¢



**POND'S POWDER
BROUGHT ME ROMANCE.
DO YOU WONDER THAT
I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT?
I'M THE HEROINE OF
ONE OF POND'S
LOVE STORIES...**



How the Right Powder Can Make Any Girl Lovelier Looking

EXPENSIVE POWDERS do make a girl look prettier and more attractive. So does Pond's New Powder. Because Pond's has the same three wonderful qualities that you almost never find in one single powder—except at terrible prices.

Expensive Colors— The colors are **Beautiful your Skin:** real skin tones—you couldn't tell them from those in powders that you have to pay \$3.00 for in Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

And these subtle skin tones are so important. Powder shades must be blended *oh so cleverly* to lend your skin an appearance of vitality and radiant youthfulness. There must be color tints as infinitely subtle as the color tints of skin itself!

Heretofore you've had such subtle coloring in a very few expensive powders. Now you get them in Pond's Face Powder—at a sixth the cost!

Experiment with Pond's six fascinating shades. Some one of them will suit your own skin perfectly—will bring a new loveliness to your complexion!

Proved Finer Texture— Microscopic **Hides Blemishes:** tests prove that Pond's New Powder is even finer than the finest French powders! This means *instant* loveliness every time you use Pond's Face Powder—because the delicate film completely covers minor imperfections.

It means more *natural* loveliness—this finer powder blends perfectly, imperceptibly, with the skin itself.

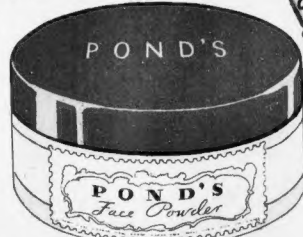
It means protection against complexion troubles due to coarse powders—a powder so fine as Pond's cannot possibly irritate the pores or clog them.

Costly Perfume: The perfume of **Always Fresh:** Pond's Powder is divine! Just like the fragrance of one

of the very high-priced French powders. It's always fresh—never gets stale. Because Pond's Face Powder comes in a lovely glass jar—another way that it is like expensive powders.

See what lovely things Pond's Face Powder can do for *your* skin. It's a real \$3.00 face powder—for only 55 cents.

Mail the coupon below today for free samples of the 6 exquisite skin tones. Try them before your mirror. Find the one that best brings to your skin the rich glowing beauty it can have.



A Bride's Advice to Other Girls Who Want Romance...

"Why Don't You, too, Choose the Face Powder that makes you Look Prettier? You can make Even Lifeless Skin look Fresh and Glowing—with the Right Color Powder. Little Blemishes needn't show—if your Powder is Fine Enough. And your Powder must give a Fresh Fragrance to Your Skin—never Stale or Musty. Pond's New Face Powder does All These Lovely Things for your Skin. Be sure to Try It."

6 Perfect Skin Tones—

(Color Spots Give Only Rough Approximation of Shades)



Natural
For fair-skinned blondes. Gives a natural soft pink tone.



Rose Cream
A young, warm flesh tone. Chosen by both blondes and brunettes.



Dark Brunette
A little darker and glowing. Does lovely things to your skin.



Light Cream
An ivory tint for darker skinned blondes and clear-skinned brunettes.



Brunette
A warm color, but not too dark. Popular with all types, including many blondes.



Dark Brunette
Still darker. Perfect for olive skin or for the girl who wants to look exotic.

More Powder to the Box!

... Pond's 55¢ Jar contains as Much Powder as most \$1.00 Boxes. It comes in a Charming Glass Jar—the way Expensive Powders do. It looks Lovely on your Dressing Table... Also in \$1.10 Jars. In 10¢ and 25¢ Boxes in the Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores and Variety Stores.

Send for Samples of All Six Lovely Shades...

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G, 142 Hudson Street, New York City. Please send me samples of all 6 exquisite shades of Pond's Face Powder, so I can choose the shade that suits my skin best.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

MAKES IRONING EASY

TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Your iron fairly glides. Simply add boiling water to dissolved. Quick! Elastic—no mulling, no cooking, no better as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Features elasticity and that soft charm of newness.



Send Now!

THE HUBINGER CO.
No. 416, South St., Iowa.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

TO MOTHERS of bottle babies

This complete nursing outfit at bargain price

\$1.30 VALUE \$1.00

2 Hygiene Bottles
5 Translucent Nipples

Individually, these Hygiene Bottles and Nipples cost \$1.25. This complete nursing outfit, age \$1.00, Nipples is shaped like mother's breast, perfectly rounded and colored to breast nature from swiftest to most perfect. Well-scented bottle easily cleaned and filled, without brush or foam. Guaranteed against all temperature changes. If disagree, money refunded.

HYGIENE Nursing Bottles and Nipples

Individually, these Hygiene Bottles and Nipples cost \$1.25. This complete nursing outfit, age \$1.00, Nipples is shaped like mother's breast, perfectly rounded and colored to breast nature from swiftest to most perfect. Well-scented bottle easily cleaned and filled, without brush or foam. Guaranteed against all temperature changes. If disagree, money refunded.

THE BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

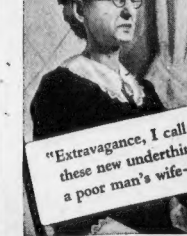
You can save time at home a better gray hair remedy is made at home. To hair you of gray add one ounce of hair oil and one ounce of hair cream. Mix and use. It will not color the scalp, but will make the hair grow. It will not color the scalp, but will make the hair grow. It will not color the scalp, but will make the hair grow.

Do You Have These Complexion Faults?

Clogged Pores, Pimples, Redness, Roughness, Soreness, Dryness

Don't be embarrassed. Try the Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to cleanse and reduce the pores. Resinol Ointment to clear away the pimples, roughness and dryness. The treatment that has changed many an ugly skin to one that is clear and velvet.

FOR FREE SAMPLE and skin treatment booklet, write Resinol, Dept. X-115, Baltimore, Md.



"Extravagance, I call it! All these new underthings for a poor man's wife."

"But they aren't new, Aunt Sarah, I've Luxed them dozens of times..."

"You see, I Lux underthings and stockings after each wearing. This keeps them new looking ever so long. I haven't bought any new lingerie this year!"

Lux removes perspiration, saves delicate colors and fabrics. Avoid cake-soup rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali. These tend to fade colors, weaken silk. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee, Luncheon Broiled Sausage, Balls, Potatoes and Apples, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Corn, Custard, Tea, Dinner Roast Lamb, Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Gravy, Balls, Potatoes or Noodles, Green Vegetable, Dried Turnip, Currant Jelly, Mystery House.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Broiled Beef, Golden Muffins, Coffee, Luncheon Cream of Vegetable Soup, Crisp Potatoes, Waldorf Salad, Cheese Wafers, Russian Tea, Dinner Roast Lamb, Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Gravy, Balls, Potatoes or Noodles, Green Vegetable, Dried Turnip, Currant Jelly, Mystery House.	Breakfast Fruit as Tomato Juice, Crisp Potatoes, Baked Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee, Luncheon (Consommé) Jellied Salad (Vegetable), Grape Jelly, Crisp Potatoes, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Buttered Ice Cream, Chocolate Fruit Dinner Lamb Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Gravy, Balls, Potatoes or Noodles, Green Vegetable, Dried Turnip, Currant Jelly, Mystery House.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee, Luncheon Emergency Consommé, (Left-Over), Grape Jelly, Crisp Potatoes, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Buttered Ice Cream, Chocolate Fruit Dinner Lamb Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Gravy, Balls, Potatoes or Noodles, Green Vegetable, Dried Turnip, Currant Jelly, Mystery House.	Breakfast Fruit, Coffin Cakes, Haddock, Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee, Luncheon Lettuce, Beans and Peas, Potato Salad, Orange Mayonnaise, Beef Stew, Hot Cocoa with Marshmallows, Dinner Steamed Fillets of Flounder, Egg Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Spinach, Crisp Potatoes, Dressing, Apple Pie, Cherry Sauce, Half Cakes, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Plain Omelette, Bacon, Rolls, Coffee, Luncheon Baked Macaroni, Beans or Baked Macaroni, Raisin Bread, Apple Pie, Hot Cocoa with Marshmallows, Dinner Steamed Fillets of Flounder, Egg Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Spinach, Crisp Potatoes, Dressing, Apple Pie, Cherry Sauce, Half Cakes, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Waffles with Stewed Fruit, Coffee, Luncheon Baked Macaroni, Beans or Baked Macaroni, Raisin Bread, Apple Pie, Hot Cocoa with Marshmallows, Dinner Steamed Fillets of Flounder, Egg Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Spinach, Crisp Potatoes, Dressing, Apple Pie, Cherry Sauce, Half Cakes, Coffee.

American Weekly Patterns



7845

7831

8044

7856

7980

8052

A SMART FROCK FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7845). Designed in 8 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22. Size 12 will require 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yards for the girdle.

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE DAYTIME DRESS FOR SLENDER FIGURES (8044). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24. Size 16 will require 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yards for the girdle.

A POPULAR AND PLEASING MODEL (7856). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24. Size 16 will require 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yards for the girdle.

7980

8052

TO OBTAIN ANY TWO OF THESE DESIRABLE PATTERNS, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 65 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS
OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7845.....Bus 7856.....Bus
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7980.....Bus 8052.....Years
Name.....
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Two Patterns for 25 Cents
or 15 Cents Each.

Send 10 cents in coin for a copy of our NEW FALL AND WINTER FASHION BOOK for 1933-34. Every Home Dressmaker should have a copy of this for her sewing table.

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Chocolate Takes the Cake!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

If a vote were taken to decide the prize-winning flavor which would win out in a popularity contest with both old and young, that flavor would be CHOCOLATE. Whether used as an ingredient of cake and confectionery, or as frosting or filling, in confectionery, sodas, syrups, even as a coating for various medicines, chocolate is the choice.

What is chocolate? Many persons who delight in its dark rich smoothness may not be familiar with its romantic culture and manufacture. Chocolate is one product of the tropical cacao tree. The name cacao is an English corruption of the word *kaoh* meaning "food for the Gods," showing that there was early recognition of its high food value.

This tree, reaching a height of thirty feet, begins to bear fruit resembling a large melon or pod which grows like giant warts on the trunk. These pods are of dark brown fibrous nature and contain the beans which are of the size of almonds but shaped more like the familiar vegetable bean. When fresh the beans are bitter in taste and of a light color, but they turn reddish brown during the process of being converted into cocoa or chocolate.

First the large pods are left on the ground to dry; the beans are then extracted; next they are ground to remove their outer juices; then they are dried in the sun during which time they assume the warm red color, so distinctive of the product. Afterwards the beans are run in a machine, and their shells cracked.

The next step is the blending of cocoa beans from different plantations and countries to produce variations in flavor and strength. For there is as much variety in cocoa beans as there is in either tea or coffee, each country or latitude producing beans of different flavors.

The cracked beans (known to the housewife as cocoa-nibs) are then ground in a mill and to the grinder which reduces the beans to a thick oily liquid. If plain or bitter chocolate is being made this end the manufacture for better chocolate is only the liquid of the crushed beans cooled to the proper temperature and run into molds or hard cakes.

In this form also, it is most familiar in the pantry for the uses of grated chocolate in all types of cooking.

If the product is to emerge as sweet chocolate then sugar and various proportions of cocoa butter are added to the liquid as it comes from the grinder. This gives a paste which may then be sent through rollers and later placed in molds and weighed for shipment.

In making the cocoa of breakfast cocoa, the liquid which comes from the grinder is deprived of some of its oil or butter, leaving a hard dry substance behind. This is ground in powder, and then we have the familiar dust-like cocoa from which we make our nourishing breakfast beverage, which having a smaller quantity of oil than chocolate, is easier of digestion.

When cake chocolate has been kept some time it may have a white appearance which must not be taken as indicating age or staleness. It probably means that the liquid at some time has

DANGER AHEAD

WHEN YOU NEGLECT A HEAD COLD!

Of all the common ailments a head cold is about the meanest and trickiest. It's weakening and annoying in itself. And your doctor will tell you that if you neglect a head cold you may be in for a siege of serious trouble.

To nip a head cold quickly use a treatment that goes to the seat of the trouble—the passages of the nose and throat. That's where harmful germs multiply and thrive. Pineoleum is such a treatment.

WHY PINEOLEUM IS BEST FOR COLDS

Pineoleum is penetrating. Its special medicinal ingredients and pine oil spread through the nasal passages to soothe and allay irritation promptly. Pineoleum's benefits are lasting. Hours after use, it's surely, gently lights congestion.

Pineoleum is gentle and safe, safe enough to use upon an infant. No danger, no drugs.

Your doctor will recommend Pineoleum. Get it at your druggist today. Dropper bottle or nebulizer spray.



PINEOLEUM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 Perfumes (Exquisite new odors)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring—these new perfumes are for \$12.00 an ounce. Made in the finest French distilleries.

1. **Stash** drop lets a sweet perfume trail behind you. 30c.

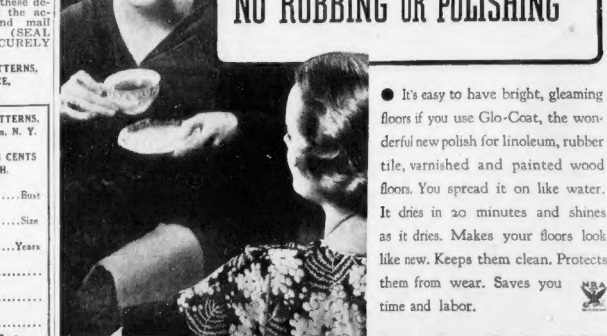
2. **Stash** drop lets a sweet perfume trail behind you. 30c.

3. **Stash** drop lets a sweet perfume trail behind you. 30c.

PAUL REUBEN
America's Master Perfumer
101 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scrupulous news in a year than all the other newspapers combined?

"My floors are beautiful with only 10 minutes work, NO RUBBING OR POLISHING"



● It's easy to have bright, gleaming floors if you use Glo-Coat, the wonderful new polish for linoleum, rubber tile, varnished and painted wood floors. You spread it on like water. It dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries. Makes your floors look like new. Keeps them clean. Protects them from wear. Saves you time and labor.

SPECIAL SALE AT YOUR DEALERS
75c can of Glo-Coat and 75c Glo-Coat Applicator (regular value \$1.50) BOTH FOR 98¢

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



TO GOOD HEALTH & GOOD CHEER



© 1933, PREMIER-PABST CORP.

LET Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer grace the festive board . . . it's hearty and healthy—sociable and sensible, the best of the better beers. . . And after you order it once, it will become your standing order—for holidays and other days as well.

PABST
BLUE RIBBON BEER

